

POEMS,
CHARACTERS,
AND
LETTERS.

By J. C.

WITH
ADDITIONS
Never before printed.

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TO THE
S T A T E of L O V E.
OR,

The Senses Festival:

I Saw a Vision yesternight
Enough to tempt a Seekers sight :
I wish't my self a Shaker there ,
And her quick pulse my trembling sphear.
It was a She so glittering bright :
You'd think her soul an Adamite.
A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with 'same,
Beauties chiefest Maid of Honour :
You may break Lent with looking on her :
Not the faire Abbess of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes ,
Can shew me such a glorious prize.
And yet, because 'tis more renown
To make a shadow shine, she's brown ;
A brown, for which, heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and stars be tann'd.
Brown by reflection, as her eye
Dazells the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows must confesse ,
 Her beams their glimmering spectacles ;
 Struck with the splendour of her face ,
 Do th' office of a burning glasse.

Now, where such radiant lights have shown
 No wonder if her cheeks be grown
 Sun-burnt with lustre of her own.

My fight took pay, but (thank my charms)
 I now empale her in mine arms.
 (Loves compassse) confining you
 Good Angels to a circle too.

Is not the Universe strait-lac't,
 When I can clasp it in the wast ?
 My amorous foulds about her hurl'd ,
 With *Drake*, I compassse in the world.
 I hoop the Firmament, and make ,
 This my embrace the Zodiack.

How would the Center take my sense ,
 When admiration doth commence ,
 At the extreme circumference !

Now to the melting kisse that sips
 The jelly'd Philtre of her lips
 So sweet, there is no tongue can phras't.
 Till transubstantiate with a tast,
 Inspir'd like *Mahomet* from above ,
 By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove ;
 Love prints her Signets in her smacks,
 Those ruddy drops of squeezing wax ;
 Which, wheresoever she imparts ,
 They 're Privy Seals to take up hearts.

Our months encountering at the sport,
 My slippery soul had quit the fort ,
 Had she not stopt the Salley-port.

Next to those sweets her lips dispense,
 As twin conserves of eloquence ;
 The sweet perfume her breath affords ;
 Incorporating with her words ;
 No Rosary this Votresse needs,
 Her very syllables are beads.
 No sooner 'twixt those Rubies born :
 But Jewells are in Ear-rings worn.
 With such delight her speech doth enter,
 It is a kisse orh' second venter.

And I dissolve at what I hear,
 As if another *Resomond* were
 Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.

Yet, that's but a preludeious blisse ;
 Two souls pickearing in a kisse.
 Embraces do but draw the line,
 'Tis storming that must take her in :
 When bodies twine, and victory hovers
 'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers.
 This is the game, make stakes my dear,
 Hark how the sprightly *Chanticleere*,
 That Baron *Tell-Clock* of the night,
 Sounds *Boota fella* to *Cupids* knight.

Then have at all, the passe is got,
 For coming off, oh name it not :
 Who would not die upon the spot !

The HECATOMB

To his
MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming trade,
Geld the loose wits, and let the Muse be paid
Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase
Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias.
Of Shrine, saint, sacriledge, and such as these
Expressions, common as their Mistresses.
Hence ye fantastick Postillers in song,
My text defeats your art, ties natures tongue,
Seorns all its rinfil'd metaphors of pelf,
Illustrated by nothing but her self:
As Spiders travell by their bowells spun
Into a thread, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own essence must I first untwine,
Then twist again each Panegyrick line.
Reach then a soaring quill that I may write,
As with a Jacobs staff to take the height.
Suppose an Angell darting through the air,
Should there encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to heaven, that intelligence
Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense
Into a body. Let me crack a string
In ventring higher; were the note I sing
Above heavens *Ela*, should I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammut* sound agen
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor find an Epithet to shadow't forth.

Mettralls

Mettalls may blazon common beauties. She
Makes pearl and planets humble herauldry.
As then a purer substance is defin'd ;
But by an heap of Negatives combin'd ;
Ask what a spirit is, you'l hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality:
So can I not define how sweet, how fair,
Only I say she's not as others are.
For what perfections we to others grant
It is her sole perfection to want.
All other forms seem in respect of thee
The Almanacks misshap'd Anatomy ,
Where *Aries* head and face; *Bull* neck and throat;
The *Scorpion* gives the secrets; knees, the *Goat*:
A brief of limbs foul as these beasts, or are
Their name-sak'd signs in their strange character.
As the Philosophers to every sence
Marry it's object, yet with some dispence,
And grant them a Polygamie with all,
And these their *common Sensibles* they call;
So it's with her, who stinted unto none ,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The same beam heats and lights ; to see her well,
Is both to hear and feel, to tast and smell.
For can you want a palate in your eyes,
When each of hers contains a double prize,
Venus her apple ? can the eyes want nose, (*Rose* ?
When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant
Or can the sight be deaf, if she but speak ,
A well-tun'd face such moving Rhetorick ?
Doth not each look a flash of light'ning feel
Which spares the bodies sheath, & melts the steel
Thy soul must needs confesse, or grant thy sence
Corrupted with the objects excellence.

Sweet Magick, which can make five senses lie
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.

In whom since all the five are intermixt,

Oh now that *Scalliger* would prove his fixt!

Thou man of mouth that canst not name a Shee

Unlesse all nature pay a Subsidie,

Whose language is a Tax, whose Musk-cat verse

Voids nought but flowers for thy Muses herse,

Fitter than *Celia's* looks who in a trice

Canst state the long disputed Paradise:

And what Divines hunt with so cold a sent,

Canst in her bosom find it resident.

Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,

And give some vent unto thy daring strain.

Say the Astrologer, who spells the stars,

In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,

Mistakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye

Interprets heavens Physiognomy.

Call her the Metaphysicks of her Sex,

And say she tortures Wits, as *Quartans* vex

Physitians: call her the *Square Circle*, say

She is the very rule of *Algebra*.

What e're you undertake not, say't of her,

For that's the way to write her Character.

Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise

Thy fanfie so as to inclose her praise,

Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,

Hyperboles are here but sacrilege.

Then roul up Muse, what thou hast ravel'd out,

Some comments clear not, but increase the doubt.

She that affords poor mortals not a glance

Of knowledg, but is known by Ignorance;

She that commits a Rape on every sense,

Whose Breath can countermand a Pestilence.

She

She that can strike the best invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head,
She, she it is, she that contains all blisse,
And makes the world but her Periphrasis.

Upon Sir Thomas Martin, Who subscribed a Warrant thus.

*We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee,
&c. When there was no Knight but himself.*

HAng out a flag, and gather pence apiece
(Which *Africk* never bred, nor swelling
With stories timpany) a beast so rare (*Greece*
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, *Bartlemew* fare
Can't match him; natures whimsy, one outvies
Tredeskin and his ark of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious sights
With reverence to your eyes, *Sir Thomas Knights*
But is this bigamy of titles due?
Are you *Sir Thomas* and *Sir Martin* too?
Issachar couchant 'twixt a brace of *Sirs*,
Thou *Knighthood* in a pair of Panniers. (ther,
Thou that look'st wrapt up in thy warlike lea-
Like *Valentine* and *Orson* bound together,
Spurs representative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to *King Arthurs Table*:
Who in this sacrilegious masse of all
It seems hast swallowed *Windsors Hospitall*.
Pair-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.

Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck
 Might well have answered at the Font for *Smocks*;
 But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie?
 Mettall on Mettall is ill Armory.
 And yet the known *Godfrey of Bullion's* coat
 Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
 Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
 Their actions though eccentrick, state the cause,
 And *Priscian* bleeds with honor: *Cesar* thus
 Subscrib'd two Consulls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high,
 Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy?
 Fond man! whose fate is in his name betray'd,
 It is the setting Sun doubles his shade;
 But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
 May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

*On the memory of Mr. Edward King,
 drown'd in the Irish Seas*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
 His artificiall grief who scans his eys,
 Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I
 Confine them to the Muses Rosary?
 I am no poet here; my pen's the spout
 Where the Rain-water of mine eys runs out
 In pity of that Name, whose fate we see
 Thus copi'd out in griefs Hydrography:
 The muses are not Mermaids, though upon
 His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.
 The Sea's too rough for verse; who rhimes upon't
 With *Xerxes* strives to fether th' *Hellepont*.

My tears will keep no channell, know no laws
 To guide their streams; but (like the waves their
 Run with disturbance, til they swallow me (caus)
 As a description of his misery.
 But can his spacious vertue find a grave
 Within th' impostum'd bubble of a wave?
 Whose learning if we sound, we must confesse
 The sea but shallow, and him bottomlesse.
 Could not the winds to counter-mand thy death
 With their whole card of lungs redeem thy
 Or some new Island in thy rescue peep (breath?
 To heave thy resurrection from the deep?
 That so the world might see thy safety wrought,
 With no lesse wonder than thy self was thought.
 The famous *Stagyrite*, who in his life
 Had nature as familiar as his wife,
 Bequeath'd his Widow to survive with thee,
 Queen Dowager of all Philosophy:
 An ominous Legacy, that did portend
 Thy fate and Predecessors second end:
 Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
 The sea can parallel in shape, and kind:
 Books, arts and tongues were wanting, but in
 Neptune hath got an University. (thee
 We'll dive no more for pearls, the hope to see
 Thy sacred reliques of mortality. (prize
 Shall welcome storms, and make the sea-man
 His shipwrack now more then his merchandize.
 He shall embrace the waves, and to thy tomb
 As to a *Royaller Exchange* shall come.
 What can we now expect? water and fire;
 Both elements our ruine do conspire:
 And that dissolves us, which doth us compound.
 One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.

We of the Gown our Libraries must tosse,
 To understand the greatnesse of our losse,
 Be pupills to our grief, and so much grow
 In learning, as our sorrows overflow.
 When we have fil'd the Rundlets of our eys,
 We'l issue't forth, and vent such Elegies,
 As that our tears shall seem the *Irish* seas,
 We floting Islands, living *Hebrides*.

*Another to the Memory of Mr. Edward
 King, Drown'd in the Irish Seas.*

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WHilst *Phæbus* shines within our Hemisphere
 There are no Stars, or at least non appear
 Did not the Sun goe hence wee should not know
 Whether there where a Night, or stars, or no.
 Till thou laydst down upon thy Western Bed,
 Not one Poetick star durst shew its Head,
Athenian Owles fear'd to come forth in Verse,
 Untill thy Fall darkned the Universe:
 Thy Death makes Poets, mine eyes flow for Thee
 And every Teare speakes a dumbe Elegie,
 Now the proud Sea (grown richer than the Land)
 Doth strive for Place, and claime the upper Hand
 And yet an equall losse the Sea Sustains,
 If it lose alwayes, but as much as't Gains;
 Yet wee who had the Happinesse to know
 Thee what thou wast, oh were it with us So,
 T' enjoy thee still, and use thy pretious Name,
 As a Perfume to sweeten our own Fame.
 The Night (Close Mourner for the setting Sun)
 Bedews her Cheeks with Tears when he is gon
 Toth

To th' other Word : so we lament and weep
 Thy sad untimely fall; who by the Deep (crown
 Didst climbe to th' highest Heavens; where being
 A King, in after Times t'will scarce bee found
 Whether (thy life & Death being without Taint)
 Thou wer't Edward the Confessor, or Saint.

Upon an
 HERMAPHRODITE.

Sir, or Madam, chuse you whether,
 Nature twists you both together :
 And makes thy soul two garbs confesse,
 Both petticoat and breeches dresse.
 Thus we chastise the God of Wine,
 With water that is feminine,
 Untill the cooler nymph abate
 His wrath, and so con corporate.
 Adam till his rib was lost,
 Had both sexes thus ingroft:
 When providence our Sire did cleave,
 And out of Adam carved Eve,
 Then did man 'bout wedlock treat :
 To make his body up compleat :
 Thus Matrimony speaks but Thee
 In a grave solemnity.
 For man and wife make but one right
 Canonickall *Hermaphrodite*,
 Ravel thy body, and I'll find
 In every limb a double kind.
 Who would not think that head a pair
 That breeds such factions in the hair?

One half so churlish in the touch,
 That rather then indure so much,
 I would my tender limbs apparell :
 In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:
 But the other half so small,
 And so amorous withall,
 That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
 A string for his invis'ble bow.
 When I look babies in thine eys,
 Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
 And though thy beauty be high noon,
 Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon,
 How many melting kisses skip
 Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
 Twixt thy upper brush of hair
 And thy nether beards despair?
 When thou speak'st, I would not wrong
 Thy sweetnesse with a double tongue.
 But in every single sound
 A perfect Dialogue is found.
 Thy breasts distinguish one another;
 This the sister, that the brother.
 When thou joyn'st hands, my ear still fancies
 The Nuptiall sound, I *John* take *Frances* :
 Feel but the difference, soft, and rough,
 This a Gantler, that a Muff:
 Had sly *Vlysses* at the sack
 Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
 And weapons too to know *Achilles*
 From King *Nichomedes*, *Phillis*,
 His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
 The needle, that the warlike steel.
 When musick doth thy pace advance,
 Thy right leg takes thy left to dance,

For is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
 But a mixt dance, though all alone :
 Thus every heteroclite part
 Changes its gender, not thy heart.
 Lay, those which modestly can mean;
 And dare not speake, are Epicœne ;
 That gamester needs must overcome,
 That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*,
 Thus did Natures mintage vary,
 Coining thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Authours

HERMAPHRODITE.

*Made after Mr. Randolph's death, yet inserted
 into his Poems.*

Probleme of Sexes ; must thou likewise be
 As disputable in thy Pedigree :
 Thou twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
 To throw less then Aums ace upon two Dice :
 Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
 To split thy Sire into a double Father ?
 True, the worlds scales are even : what the Main
 In one place gets, another quits again.
 Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
 Slice me in two, to keep her number just :
 Plurality of livings is thy state,
 And therefore mine must be inappropriate.
 For, since the child is mine, and yet the claim
 Is intercepted by anothers name,
 Never did steeple carry double truer,
 His is the donative, and mine the cure.

Not

Then

Then say my Muse (and without more dispute)
 Who 'tis that fame doth superinstitute.
 The *Theban* Wittall, when he once descries,
Jove is his rivall, falls to sacrifice:
 That name hath tipt his horns: see on his knee
 A health to *Hans-en-Kelder Hercules*.
 Nay sublunary cuckolds are content
 To entertain their fate with complement;
 And shal not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daign
 To quarter with his Muse both arms and brains
Grammency Gossip, I rejoyce to see
 Thou'lt got a leap of such a Barbary.
 Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets crest;
 For since the Muses left their former nest,
 To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph's* quill,
Cuckold Pernassus is a forked hill.

But stay, I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirs,
 And brings the worms for his compurgators.
 Can Ghosts have naturall sons? say *Obb*, is't meet
 Penance bear date after the winding sheet?
 Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
 May seem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
 I would disclaim my right, and that it were
 The lawfull issue of his ashes, swear.
 But was he dead? did not his soul translate
 Her self into a shop of lesser rate?
 Or break up house, as an expensive Lord,
 That gives his purse a fob, and lives at board?
 Let old *Phythagoras* but play the Pimp. (imp.
 And still there's hopes 't may prove his bastard
 But I'me prophane; For grant the world had one
 With whom he might contract an union,
 They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
 I'th body joyn'd but parted in the head.

For you my brat, that pose the Porph'ry Chair,
 Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatsoe're you are,
 You are a nephew, grieve not at your state,
 For all the world is illegitimate.
 Man cannot get a man unlesse the Sun
 Club to the act of generation.
 The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
 Are the joynt fathers of this Poetry. (mine
 For since (blest shade) this verse is male, but
 O'th'weaker Sex, a fancy feminine: (ter,
 Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no slaugh-
 So shall it be thy son and yet my daughter.

Square Cap.

Come hither *Apollo's* bouncing Girle,
 And in a whole *Hippocrene* of sherry
 Let's drink a round till our brains do whirl,
 Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry;
 A Cambridge-Lasse, *Venus*-like, born of the froth)
 Of an old half-fill'd Jug of barley broth ,
 She, she's my Mistris, her Suiters are many,
 But shee'l have a Square-cap if ere she have any:

And first for the Plush: take the *Monmoth*: cap comes,
 Shaking his head like an empty bottle ,
 With his new fangled oath, By *Jupiters* thumbs,
 That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
 He tells her that after the death of his Grannam ,
 He shall have---God knows what *per annum*:
 But still she replies, good Sir, La-bee ,
 If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me.

Then

Then Calot *Leather-cap* strongly pleads,
 And fain would derive the pedigree of fashion
 The *Antipodes* wear their shooes on their head
 And why may not we in their imitation?
 Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would please,
 If it were but well tost on *S. Thomas* his Lees.
 But still she repli'd, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *wrought Cap*,
 With a long wasted conscience towards a sister
 And making a Chappell of ease of her lap,
 First he said grace, and then he kiss her.
 Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my Text
 Then falls he to Use and Application next:
 But then she replied, your Text (Sir) I'll be
 For then I'm sure you'll ne'r handle me.

But see where *Satten-cap* scouts about, (marry
 And fain would this wench in his fellowship
 He told her how such a man was not put out,
 Because his wedding he closely did carry.
 Hee'l purchase Induction by Simony,
 And offers her money her Incumbent to be.
 But still she replied, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his *Round-cap*,
 Nor in their fallacies are they divided;
 The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
 And yet this wench he fain would have bridged.
 Come leave these thred-bare Schollers, quoth he,
 And give me Livery and seising of thee:
 But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your oration,
 For I never will be your impropriation:
 I pray you therefore, good Sir La-bee;
 For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me:

Upon PHILLIS walking in
a Morning before Sun-
rising.

The sluggish morn, as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East;
As if shee'd made a match to run
With *Phosphor*, Usker to the Sun.
The Trees, like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp then ward,
Rank'd on each side with loyall duty,
Gave branches to inclose her beauty;
The plants, whose luxury was lopt,
Age with crutches under-propt,
Whose wooden karkasses are grown
To be but Coffins of their own,
Re-vive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their Mattins: and the Fan
Of whistling winds, like Organs, plaid,
Till their Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odours rise
To be her morning-Sacrifice.
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowfie heads,
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where Roses mix: no civill war
Between her *York* and *Lancaster*.
The Marigold, whose Courtiers face
Echoes the Sun, and doth unlace

Her

Her at his rise, at his full stop
 Packs, and shuts up her gawdy shop;
 Mistakes her kue, and doth display:
 Thus *Phyllis* antedates the day.

These miracles had cramp't the Sun,
 Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
 Powders with light his frizled locks,
 To see what Saints his lustre mocks.
 The trembling leaves through which he plaid
 Dapling the walk with light and shade,
 Like lattice windows, give the spy
 Room but to peep with half an eye,
 Least her full Orb his sight should dim,
 And bids us all good-night in him,
 Till she would spend a gentle ray,
 To force us a new-fashion'd day.

But what religious Palsie's this,
 Which makes the boughs divest their blisse?
 And that they might her footsteps straw,
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe.

Phyllis perceives, and lest her May
 Should wed October unto May;
 And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
 Devotion might an Autumn bring)
 Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
 But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upo

Upon a M I S E R that made a
a great feast, and the next day
died for grief.

N Or scapes he so : our dinner was so good,
My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud:
plaid what delight she took i'th' invitation,
gives to tast o're again in this relation.
After a tedious Grace in *Hopkins* rithme,
ot for devorion, but to take up time,
arch'd the train'd-band of dishes usher'd there,
shew their postures, and then *as they were*.
or he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
e will afford the lovers gluttony,
his feast is but a muster not a fight,
or weapons not for service, but for fight.
But are we tantaliz'd ? is all this meat
ok'd by a Limner, for to view, not eat ?
h' Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup
n joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.
Whatever feasts be made are summ'd up here,
is table vyes not standing with his chear.
is Churchings, Christnings, in this meal are all,
nd not transcrib'd, but in th' Originall.
hristmas is no feast moveable: for lo
he selfe-same dinner was ten years ago;
will be immortall, if it longer stay,
he Gods will eat it for Ambrosia.
But stay a while, unlesse my whinyard fail
is enchanted, I'le cut off th' intail.
aint George for England then, have at thy mutton,
When the first cut calls me bloud-thirsty glutton.
What

What *Ajax* with his anger-quodl'd brain
 Killing a sheep, thought *Agamemnon* slain,
 The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his
 I lamentably butcher up mine host :
 Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon
 Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Cap
 Cut a Goose-leg, and the poor soul for moan
 Turns Creeple too, and after stands on one.

Have you not heard th'abominable sport
 A *Lancaster* Grand-Jury will report ?
 The Souldier with his Morglay watcht the M
 The Cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
 Whips off great *Pusses* leg, which by some cha
 Proves the next day such an old Womans arm
 'Tis so with him, whose karkasse never scapes,
 But still we slash it in a thousand shapes :
 Our Serving-men like Spaniels range, to spring
 The fowl which he hath clockt under his wing
 Should he on *Widgeon* and on *Woodcock* feed,
 It were (*Thyestes* like) on his own breed.
 To Pork he pleads a superstition due,
 But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
 Sawces we should have none, had he his wish.
 The Oranges i'th margent of the dish.
 He *Huckster*-like so tells them o're and o're,
 Th'*Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more.

But being eaten now into despair,
 Having nought else to do, he falls to prayer.
 As thou didst once put on the form of Bull,
 And turn'st thy lo to a lovely Mull,
 Defend my rump, great *Jove*, grant this poor bi
 May live to comfort me in all this grief :
 But no *Amen* was said : See, see it comes,
 Draw boys, let trumpets sound, & strike up drum

how his blood doth with the gravy swim,
 And every trencher has a limb of him. (deeper,
 the Ven'sons now in view, our hounds spend
 range Deer, which in the Pasty hath a keeper
 sister then in the Park, making his guest
 as he had stoln't alive) to steal it drest:
 the scent was hot, and we pursuing faster,
 when *Ovids* pack of dogs ere chac'd their Master,
 double prey at once we seize upon,
Haon and his Case of venison.
 Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worse,
 Death serves him up now as a second course.
 Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
 he would have liv'd onely to save his meat.
 apes,
 spring
 s win
 ed,

A Young man to an old Woman courting him.

Peace Beldam Eve, surcease thy suit;
 Ther's no temptation in such fruit.
 rotten Medlers, whilst there be
 whole Orchards in virginity.
 thy stock is too much out of date
 or tender plants t'inoculate.
 match with thee thy Bridegroom fears,
 Would be thought int'rest in his years.
 Which when compar'd to thine, becom
 dd money to thy Grandam sum.
 an Wedlock know so great a curse
 s putting husbands out to Nurse?
 ow Pond and Rivers would mistake,
 d cry new Almanacks for our sake?
 S

Time

Time sure hath wheel'd about his year,
Decemb'r meeting *Janiv'er*.

Th' *Egyptain* Serpent figures time,
 And stript, returns unto his Prime :
 If my affection thou would'st win,
 First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.
 My modern lips know not (alack)
 The old Religion of thy smack.

I count that primitive imbrace,
 As out of fashion as thy face.

And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
 Thy fornications classically.

Our sports will differ: thou may'st play,
Leero, and I *Alphonso* way.

I'me no Translator; have no vein
 To turn a woman young again :

Unlesse you'l grant the Tailor's due,
 To see the fore-bodies be new :

I love to wear cloaths that are flush,
 Not prefacing old rags with plush :
 Like Aldermen, or Monster-Sheriffs,
 With canvas backs, and velvet sleeves.

And just such discord there would be
 Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.

Go study salve and treacle, ply
 Your tenants leg, or his sore eye ;

Thus *Matrons* purchase credit, thank
 Six penni-worth of Mountebank :

Or chew thy cood on some delight
 Thou tookest in thy *Eighty Eight*.

Or be but bed-rid once, and then

Thou'lt dream thy youthfull sins agen :

But if thou needs wilt be my Spouse,
 First hearken, and attend my vows.

When Ætna's fires shall undergo
 The penance of the Alps in snow,
 When Sol at one blast of his horn
 Shifts from the Crab to Capricorn,
 When th' heavens shuffle all in one,
 The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
 When all these contradictions meet,
 When (Sybill) thou and I will greet.
 For all these families do hold
 My young heat and thy dull cold;
 When if a Fever be so good
 Pimp as to inflame thy bloud,
 Women shall twist thee, and thy page
 The distinct Tropicks of mans age.
 Well (Madam time) be ever bald,
 Let not thy Perywig be call'd.
 Let never be 'stead of a lover,
 And aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. K. T. who askt
him why he was Dumb.

OYay, should I answer (Lady) then
 In vain would be your question.
 Should I be dumb, why then again
 Your asking me would be in vain.
 Silence nor speech (on neither hand)
 Can satisfy this strange demand.
 Yet since your will throws me upon
 This wished contradiction,
 Let tell you how I did become
 So strangely (as you hear me) dumb.

Ask but the chap-faln Puritan,
'Tis zeal that tongue-ries that good man,
For heat of conscience all men hold,
Is th'only way to catch their cold.
How should loves zelot then forbear
To be your silenc'd Minister?
Nay, your Religion, which doth grant
A worship due to you my Saint.
Yet counteth that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To such an hallow'd excellence;
As th'English Dialect would vary
The goodnesse of an *Ave Mary*.

How can I speak that twice am checkt
By this and that Religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I spy
Still cause, and still Divinity!
As soon as blest with your salute,
My manners taught me to be mute:
For, lest they cancell all the blifs,
You sign'd with so Divine a kisse,
The lips you seal must needs consent
Unto the tongues imprisonment.
My tongue in hold, my voyce doth rise
With a strange *E-la* to my eyes,
Where it gets bail, and in that sense
Begins a new-found Eloquence:

Oh listen with attentive sight,
To what my prating eyes indite.
Or (Lady) since 'tis in your choice,
To give, or to suspend my voyce,
With the same key set ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it fast before.

kisse once again, and when you thus
 have doubly been miraculous,
 My Muse shall write with Handmaids duty,
 the golden legend of your beauty.
 He, whom his dumbness now confines,
 But means to speak the rest by signes.

A Fair Nymph scorning a black Boy
courting Her.

Nymph. Stand off, and let me take the air,
 Why should the smoak pursue the fair?
 Y. My face is smoak, thence may be guest
 What flames within have scorch't my breast.
 Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
 For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.
 Y. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Loves Taper,
 Surer then yours that's of white paper.
 What ever mid-night hath been here,
 The Moon-shine of your face can clear.
 Nymph. My Moon of an Ecclipse is 'fraid,
 If thou shouldst interpose thy shade.
 Y. Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I will ask,
 Buy me for some new fashiond mask.
 Nymph. Yes: but my bargain shall be this,
 I'll throw my mask off when I kisse.
 Y. Our curl'd embraces shall delight
 To checquer limbs with black and white.
 Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me guesse
 Our nuptiall bed will prove a presse;
 And in our sports if any come,
 they'll read a wanton Epigram.

B

Boy

Boy. Why should my black thy love impair ?
 Let the dark shop commend the ware :
 Or if thy love from black forbears,
 I'll strive to wash it off with tears.

Nym. Spare fruitless tears, since thou must need
 Still wear about thee mourning weeds :
 Tears can no more affection win,
 Then wash thy Ethiopian skin.

*A Dialogue between two Zealots
 upon the &c. in the Oath,*

SIr Roger from a zealous piece of Freeze,
 Rais'd to a Vicar of the Childrens threes ;
 Whose yearly Audit may by strict account
 To twenty Nobles and his Vails amount ;
 Fed on the common of the female charity,
 Untill the Scots can bring about their parity ;
 So shorten, that his soul like to himselfe,
 Walks but in *Quirpo* : this same Clergy Else,
 Encountring with a brother of the Cloth,
 Fell presently to cudgels with the Oath :
 The quarrell was a strange mishapen Monster,
&c. (God blesse us) which they conster,
 The brand upon the burtock of the Beast,
 The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a nest
 Of young *Apocriphaes*, the fashion
 Of a new mentall Reservation.

While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
 Winks and expounds, saying, My pious brother
 Harken with reverence ; for the point is nice
 I never read on't, but I fasted twice,

And so by Revelation know it better
 Then all the learn'd Idolaters o'th letter.
 With that he sweld, and fell upon the Theam,
 Like great *Goliath* with his Weavers beam:
 say to thee, &c. thou li'st,
 Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist:
 Rubbish of *Babell*, for who will not say
 Tongues were confounded in &c.
 Who swears &c. swears more oaths at once
 Then *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce.
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
 The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.
 Accurst &c. thou, for now I scent
 What lately the prodigious Oysters meant,
 O *Booker, Booker*, how cam'st thou to lack
 His sign in thy prophetick Almanack?
 'Tis the dark vault wherein th' infernall plot
 Of powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
 Peruse the Oath, and you shall soon descry it
 By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it.
 'Gainst whom the church wherof I am a member,
 Shall keep another fifth day of *November*.
 Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruss
 &c. it's so abominous.
 The *Trojan Nag* was not so fully lin'd,
 Nor rip &c. and you shall find
 The great Commissary, and which is worse,
 The Apparator upon his skew-bald horse.
 Then (finally my babe of Grace) forbear,
 &c. will be too far to swear:
 For 'tis (to speak in a familiar stile)
 Yorkshire wea-bit, longer then a mile.
 Then *Roger* was inspir'd, and by Gods-diggers,
 I'll swear in words at large, and not in figures.

Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loath,
 To leave &c. in his liquid oath,
 His brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,
 He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.
 So they drunk on, not offering to part
 Till they had quite sworn out th'eleventh quart
 While all that saw and heard them, joyntly pray
 They and their Tribe were all &c.

S M E C T Y M N U S, *Or the*
Club-Divines.

S *Meßymnus*? the Goblin makes me start:
 I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *Welsh*? what skilt?
 Ap all the Bricklayers that Babel built.
 Some Conjurer translate, and let me know it:
 Till then 'tis fit for a West-saxon Poet.
 But do the brother-hood then play their prizes
 Like *Mummers* in *Religion* with disguises?
 Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File.
 A Name, which if 'twere train'd, would spread
 The Saints *Monopoly*, the *zealous* cluster, (mill
 Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster,
 And shoots his quils at Bishops and their Sees,
 A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
 Thus *Jack-of-all-trades* hath devoutly shown
 The twelve Apostles on a *Cherry-stone*,
 Thus faction's *All-a-mode* in treasons fashion;
 Now we have Heresie by complication.
 Like to *Don Quixots* Rosary of slaves
 Strung on a chain; a Murnivall of knaves

Packt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,
 Or like *Colleagues*, which fit all of a side :
 So the vain Satyrists stand all a row ;
 As hollow-teeth upon a Lute-string show.
 Th' *Italian monster* pregnant with his brother,
 Natures *Dyæresis*, half one another.
 He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,
 Must both give way unto *Smeſymnus*.
 Next *Sturbridg-fair* is *Smec's* ; for lo his side
 Into a five-fold *Lazar's* multipli'd,
 Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyzzard,
 Five faces lunk under one single vizzard.
 The *Whor* of *Ba bylon* left these brats behind,
 Heirs of confusion by *Gavel kind*.
 I think *Pythagoras's* soul is rambel'd hither,
 With all the change of Rayment on together:
Smec is her generall Wardrobe, shee'l not dare
 To think of him as of a thorough-fare ;
 He stops the Gossipping Dame, alone he is
 The purlew of a *Metempsychesis*.
 Like a *Scotch mark*, where the more modest sense
 Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to 13 pence:
 Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,
 Though sometimes tripartite, joyns in the same :
 Like to nine Taylors, who if rightl'y spel'd,
 To one man are monasylabled.
 Short-handed zeale in one hath cramped many,
 Like to the Decalogue in a single peny.
 See, see, how close the curs hunt under sheet,
 As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet.
 The *Cure*, and five *Incumbents* leap a truss,
 The Title sure must be litigious.
 The *Sadduces* would raise a question,
 Who must be *Smec* at th' Resurrection.

Who coop't them up together were too blame,
 Had they but wire-drawn, & spun out their name
 'Twould make another Prentices petition
 Against the Bishops and their superstition.

Robson and *French* (that count from five to five)
 As far as Nature fingers did contrive,
 She saw they would be lessers, that's the cause,
 She cleft their hoof into so many claws)
 May tire their carret bunch, yet ne're agree
 To rate *Smeſymnus* for Polemony.

Caligula, whose pride was mankind's bail,
 As who disdain'd to murder by retail;
 Wishing the world had but one generall nec,
 His *glutton-blade* might have found game in *Sme*
 No eccho can improve the Author more,
 Whose lungs pay use on use to halfe a score.
 No Felon is more letter'd, though the brand
 Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.
 Some Welshman was his God-father, for he
 Wears in his name his Genealogy.

The banes are askt, would but the times give way
 Betwixt *Smeſymnus* and *Et cætera*.

The Guests invited by a friendly summons,
 Should be the Convocation and the Common

The Priest to tye the Foxes tails together,
Moseley, or *Sanctu Clara* chuse you whether.

See what an off-spring every one expects?

What strange pluralities of men and sects?

One sayes he'l get a Vestery, another

Is for a Synod: Bet upon the mother:

Faith cry *St. George*, let them go to't, and stick

Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.

Thus might Religions catterwaul, and spight,

Which uses to divorce, might once unite.

But their cross fortunes interdict their trade,
 The *Bride* is rampant, but the *Groom* displaid.
 My task is done, all my he-Goats are milkt;
 So many cards i'th stock, and yet be bilkt?
 I could by letters now untwist the rabble;
 Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.
 But there I leave you to another dressing,
 Only kneel down, and take your fathers blessing.
 May the *Queen-mother* justify your fears,
 And stretch her Patent to your leather ears.

The mixt Assembly.

Flea-bitten Synod; an Assembly brew'd,
 Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
 Chaos of Presbytery, where Laymen guide,
 With the same wool-pack Clergy by their side.
 Who askt the *Banes*'twixt these discolour'd mates?
 A strange *Grotesco* this, the Church and States
 Most divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,
 To serve as table-men of divers hue.
 She that conceiv'd an *Aethiopian* heir
 By picture, when the parents both were faire,
 At sight of you had born a dappled son,
 You checq ring her imagination.
 Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
 Had brought forth speckled and ring-streaked
 Like an *Impropiators* *Motley* kind, (lambs.
 Whose scarlet Coat is with a Cassock lin'd.
 Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
 Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.

Like *Royston* crows, who are (as I may say)
 Friars of both the Orders, *black* and *gray*.
 So mixt they are, one knows not whether's thicke
 A Layre of *Burgeſſes*, or a Layre of *Vicar*. (kerlay)

Have they uſurp'd what Royal *Judah* had?
 And now muſt *Levi* too part ſtakes with *Gad*? Will
 The *Scepter* and the *Croſier* are the crutches,
 Which if not truſted in their pious clutches,
 Will fail the Creeple-ſtate. And wer't not pity
 But both ſhould ſerve the yardwand of the City
 That *Iſaac* might ſtroak his beard, and ſit,
 Judge of *ei's* *ad's* and *Elegerit*.

O that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn
 The Miſſelany Satyr and the Fawn,
 And all th'adulteries of twiſted Nature,
 But faintly repreſent this ridling feature.

Whoſe members being not tallies, they'l not own
 Their fellows at the Reſurrection.

Strange ſcarlet Doctors theſe, they'l paſſ in ſtory
 For ſinners half refin'd in Purgatory ;

Or parboyl'd Lobſters, where there joyntly rule
 The fading ſables, and the coming gules.

The flea that *Falſtaff* damn'd, thus lewdly ſhows
 Tormented in the flames of *Bardolph's* Noſe,

Like him that wore the Dialogue of cloaks,
 This ſhoulder *John-a-ſtiles*, that *John-a-Nokes*.

Like *Jews* and *Chriſtians* in a ſhip together,
 With an old Neck-verſe to diſtinguiſh either.

Like their intended Diſcipline to boot,
 Or whatſoe're hath neither head nor foot :

Such may their ſtrip-tuſt-hangings ſeem to be.
 Sacriledge matcht with codpiece-ſymony ;

Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
 Phanſie theſe Linſie-wolſie Veſtry men.

For.

Forbeare good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
 Such company may chance to spoil thy swearing:
 And these Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly,
 May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
 He that the Noble *Percyes* blood inherits,
 Will he strike up a *Hot-spur* of the spirits?
 He'll fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
 With his uncircumcised *Aigernon*:
 A name so stubborn, 'tis not to be scan'd
 City him in *Gath* with the six finger'd hand.
 See, they obey the Magick of my words.
 Presto, they're gone, and now the House of Lords
 Looks like the witherd face of an old Hag
 But with three teeth, like to a triple gag.
 A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
 Fielding, and doxy *Marshall* first advance,
 Owse blows the Scotch pipes, & the loving brace
 Put on the traces, and troad cinque-a-pace.
 Then *Say & Seal* must his old hamstrings supple,
 And he and rump'd *Palmer* make a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girl, if he'll unfold her,
 The Midwife may find work about his shoulder.
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
 Must be content to saddle *Doctor Burges*:
 If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne're the worse,
 But the fift time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good sadnesse cannot dance
 But in obedience to the Ordinance.
 Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Lidy*,
 Like the ful moon, hath made his Lordship giddy.
Pym and the *Members* must their gibbets levy,
 Encounter *Madam Sinec* that single Bevy.
 If they two truck together, 'twill not be
 A child-birth, but a Goal-delivery.

For.

Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
 But *Selden* he's a *Galliard* by himself,
 And well may be, there's more *Divines* in him
 Than in all this their *Jewish Sanedrim* :
 Whose *Canons* in the forge shall then bear date
 When *Mules* their *Cosin Germans* generate.
 Thus *Moses Law* is violated now,
 The *Ox* and *Ass* go yoaked in one plow :
 Resign thy *Coach-box Twisse*; *Brooks* preacher, he
 Would sort the beasts with more conformity.
 Water & earth make but one globe, a *Round-head*
 Is *Clergy-Lay*, *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings Disguise.

AND why a tenant to this vile disguise, (Crys)
 Which who but sees, blasphemes thee with his
 My twins of light within their penthouse shrink;
 And hold it their allegiance now to wink.
 Oh for a state-distinction to arraign
Charls of high treason 'gainst my *Sovereign*,
 What an usurper to his *Prince* is wont,
 Cloister and shave him, he himself hath don't.
 His muffled feature speaks him a recluse,
 His ruines prove him a *Religious House*;
 The *Sun* hath mew'd his beams frō off his lamp,
 And *Majesty* defac'd the *Royal stamp*.
 Is't not enough thy *Dignity's* in thrall,
 But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all?
 As if thy *Blacks* were of too faint a die,
 Without the tincture of *Tautology*.

Flay an Egyptian for his Caslock skin
 Spun of his countries darkness, line't within
 With Presbyterian budge, that drowsie trance,
 The Synods sable foggy ignorance.
 Nor bodily nor ghostly Negro could
 Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould :
 This privy-chamber of thy shape would be
 But the close mourner of thy Royalty.
 Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors spell,
 A Pearl within a rugged Oysters shell.
 Heaven, which the Minster of thy person owns,
 Will fine thee for Dilapidations :
 Like to a martyr'd Abbeyes courser doom,
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon room :
 Or like the Colledge by the changeling rabble,
 Manchesters Elves, transform'd into a stable.
 Or if there be a prophanation higher,
 Such is the sacrilege of thine attire, (One
 By which th'art half depos'd, thou lookst like
 Whose looks are under sequestration.
 Whose Renegado form at the first glance,
 Shews like the self-denying Ordinance.
 Angell of light, and darknesse too, I doubt,
 Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without :
 Majestick twi-light in the state of grace,
 Yet with an excommunicated face.
 Charls and his Mask are of a different mint,
 A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print.
 The Sun wears midnight, day is beetle-brow'd,
 And lightning is in Keldar of a cloud :
 Oh the accurst Srenography of Fate !
 The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bar,
 What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
 That shrinks his Rayes to this Apostasie ?

It is no subtle film of tiffany air,
 No cob-web vizard, such as Ladies wear,
 When they are veild, on purpose to be seen,
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquisht skreen
 Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough
 Metall, and three pil'd darkness, like the slough
 Of an imprisoned flame, 'tis *Faux* in grain,
 Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
 Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-Castle* vote
 Rang *Britains Curfeu*, so our light went out.
 Thy visage is not legible, the letter,
 Like a Lords name writ in phantastick fetters:
 Cloaths where a *Switzer* might be buried quick
 Sure they would fit the body Politick.
 False beard enough to fit a stages plot,
 For that's the ambush of their wit, Godwot.
 Nay, all his properties so strange appear,
 'Ware not 'ith' presence though the king be there
 A Libell is his dress, a garb uncouth,
 Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth
 Scribling affacinate, thy lines attest
 An ear-mark due, cub of the blatant beast,
 Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse,
 Is blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse,
 The *Laplanders* when they would sell a wind
 Wafring to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind
 It to the barque, which at the voyage end
 Shifts Poop, and breeds the cholick in the fiend
 But Il'e not dub thee with a glorious scar,
 Nor sink thy skullar with a man of War.
 The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, & this slandering suit
 Both do alike in picture execute.
 But since w're all call'd Papists, why not date
 Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?

As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
 With *Sphinxes*, creatures of an antick draught,
 And puzzling pourtraitures, to shew that there
 Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon, Sir, since I presume to be
 Dark of this closet to your Majesty;
 Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dress
 I see the Gospel coucht in parables.
 At my next view, my pur-blind fancy ripes,
 And shews Religion in its dusky types.
 Such a Text Royall, so obscure a shade,
 Was *Solomon* in Proverbs all arrayd.
 Come all the brats of this expounding age,
 To whom the spirit is in pupillage;
 You that damn more then ever *Samson* flew,
 And with his engine, the same jaw-bone too:
 How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,
 Since bound up in the *Bibles* livery?
 Hence *Cabinet-intruders*, *Pick-locks* hence,
 You that dim Jewels with your *Bristol*-fence:
 And *Characters*, like *Witches*, so torment,
 Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent,
 Keyes for this coffer you can never get.
 None but *Saint Peter* opes this *Cabinet*.
 This *Cabinet*, whose aspect would benight
 Critick spectators with redundant light.
 A Prince most seen, is least: What scriptures call
 The *Revelation*, is most mysticall.
 Mount then thou shadow Royal, and with hast
 Advance thy *Morning Star*, *Charles*'s overcast.
 Lay thy strange journey contradictions twist,
 And force fair weather from a *Scottish* mist.
 Leavns *Confessors* are pos'd, those star-ey'd *Sages*
 Interpret an Eclipse, thus riding stages.

Thus

Thus *Israel*-like, he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him, and a shrowd.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shoes

THE REBELL SCOT.

How! Providence! and yet a *Scottish* crew!
Then *Madam Nature* wears black patches too
What? shall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a countrey Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be feard
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard,
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
To see his countrey sick of *Pym's* disease
By *Scotch* Invasion to be made a prey
To such *Pig-widging Myrmidons* as they?
But that there's charm in vers, I would not quote
The name of *Scot* without an antidote;
Unlesse my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poyson too.
Were I a drowfie Judge, whose dismall note
Disgorgeth Halters as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir *Emp'ricks* tone)
Speak pills in phrase, and quack destruction:

Or roar like *Marshall*, that *Geneva* Bull,
 Hell and damnation, a pulpit full :
 Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize :
 Not all those mouth-*Granadoes* can suffice.
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 must (like *Hocum*) swallow daggers first.

Come keen *Iambicks*, with your *Badgers* feet,
 And *Badger*-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
 Help ye rart *Satyrists* to imp my rage,
 With all the *scorpions* that should whip this age.
Scots are like *witches*; do but whet your pen,
 Scratch til the blood com; they'l not hurt you thē.
 Now as the *Martyrs* were inforc'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake,
 'le bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes,
 A *Scot* within a beast is no disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmless Nation
 Fosters no venom, since the *Scots* plantation :
 Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain ;
 Since they came in, *England* hath wolves again.
 The *Scot* that kept the *Tower*, might have shown
 (Within the grate of his own breast alone)
 The *Leopard* and the *Panther*, and ingroft
 What all those wild *Collegiats* had cost :
 The honest high-shoes in their termly fees
 First to the salvage *Lawyer*, next to these.
 Nature her self doth *Scotchmen* beasts confesse,
 Making their countrey such a wilderness :
 A land that brings in question and suspense
 Gods omnipresence, but that *Charls* came thence :
 But that *Montrose* and *Crawfords* loyall band
 Atton'd their sins, and *Christned* half the land :
 For is it all the Nation hath these spots :
 There is a Church, as well as Kirk of *Scots* :

As in a picture, where the squinting paint
 Shews Fiend on this side; and on that side Saint
 He hat saw hell in's melancholy dream,
 And in the twi-light of his fancies theam,
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Profelire,
 A land where one may pray with curst intent,
 O may they never suffer banishment! (doo
 Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd
 Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home
 Like Jews they spread, and as infections fly,
 As if the Devill had ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live as Rovers, and desie
 This or that place, rags of Geography.
 They're Citizens o' th world; they're all in all
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
 And yet they ramble not to learn the mode
 How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad;
 To return knowing in the *Spanish* shrug,
 Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
 Resembles most, in belly, or in beard.
 (The Card by which the Mariners are steer'd.)
 No; the *Scots-Errant's* fight, and fight to eat;
Their Estrich-stomachs make their swords their meat
 Nature with *Scots* as Tooth-drawers hath dealt
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt.
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choyce;
 The Serpent's fatall still to *Paradise*.
 Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and these
 On the North posture of the patient seize,
 Like *Leeches*, thus they physically thirst
 After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.
 Let them not think to make us run o' th score,
 To purchase villanage, as once before,

When

When an act past to stroak them on the head,
 Sell them good subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
 For gold, nor acts of grace, 'tis steel must tame
 The stubborn Scot: a Prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yeelding, doth like him (or worse)
 Who saddled his own back to shame his Horse.
 Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
 Thus to lard Israel with Egypts spoil?
 They are the Gospels Life-guard, but for them,
 The Garrison of new *Jerusalem*,
 What would the brethrē do? the cause! the cause!
 Back possets and the fundamentall laws!
 Lord! what a godly thing is want of shirts!
 Now a *Scotch* stomack, and no meat, converts!
 They wanted food and raiment; so they took
 Religion for their Semstresse, and their Cook.
 Unmask them well; their honours and estate,
 As well as conscience are sophisticate.
 Strive but their titles, and their money poize,
 A *Laird* & twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise,
 When constru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
 And a good sober two-pence, and well so.
 Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,
 You Picts in Gentry and devotion:
 You scandall to the stock of Verse, a Race
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The *Ostracism*, and sham'd it out of use.
 The *Indian* that heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard the *Spaniards* were there,
 Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
 He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between:
 My Muse hath done. A Voider for the nonce;
 Wrong the Devill, should I pick their bones,
 That

That dish is his; for when the Scots decease,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.

A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got lo
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Solun-Goose.

The Scots Apostasie.

IS't come to this? what *shal* the cheeks of *Fa*
Stretcht with the breath of learned *Lowdins*
Be flag'd again? & that great piece of sence, (na
(As rich in Loyalty, as Eloquence,
Brought to the Test) be found a trick of state
Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The divell sure such language, did atchieve
To cheat our un-fore-warned-Grandam Eve,
As this Imposture found out, to besot
Th' experienc'd *English*, to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull sence
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence!
Or did you doubt persistance in one good
Would spoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
Projected first in such a forge of sin,
Was fit for the grand divells hammering?
Or was't ambition, that this damned fact
Should tel the world you know the sins you al
The infamy this super-treason brings
Blasts more then murders of your *sixty Kings*,
A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,
Those hold with this no competition.
Kings only suffer'd then, in this doth lie
Th' Assassination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,
If not t' attempt deposing of your God.

Oh were you so ingag'd, that we might see
 Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
 Till you were shrivel'd to dust; and your cold land
 Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* sand!
 But 'tis reserv'd, till heaven plague you worse,
 Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.
 First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends
 Your power hath bauded, cease to count you friends
 And prompted by the dictate of their reason, (son
 Approach the *Traytors*, though they hug the *Trea-*
 And may their jealousies increase and breed,
 Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*:
 In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be
 A stigmatizing brand of infamy;
 Till forc'd by generall hate, you cease to come
 The world, and for a plague to live at home:
 Till you resume your poverty, and be
 Reduc'd to beg, where none can be so free
 To grant; and may your scabby Land be all
 Translated to a generall Hospitall.
 Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
 To give you comfort of a summers day;
 But, as a guerdon for your trayterous war,
 Live cherish'd only by the Northern star,
 No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,
 And be to all but banisht men, as lost.
 And such in heightning of infliction due,
 Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
 Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
 But Power, your lives and liberties may aw.
 No Subject mongst you keep a quiet brest,
 But each man strive through blood to be the best
 Till, for those miseries on us you've brought.
 By your own sword our just revenge be wrought

To sum up all---let your *Religion* be,
 As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie:
 Untill, when *Charles* shall be compos'd in dust
 Perfum'd with Epithetes of good and just;
 HE sav'd, incens'd heaven may have forgot
 T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*;
 Unlesse that *Scot* deny himself, and do
 (Whats easier far) renounce his *Nation* too

Rupertismus.

O That I could but vore my self a Poer!
 Or had the Legislative knack to do it!
 Or like the Doctors Militant, could get
 Dub'd at adventures Verser Banneret!
 Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my rimes
 Their own Antipodes, and track the times:
Faces about, saies the *Remonstrant* spirit;
Allegiance is Malignant, *Treason* Merit:
Huntington colt, that pos'd the sage Recorder
 Might be a sturgeon now, and passe by Order.
 Had I but *Elsing's* gift (that splay-mouth'd brother
 That declares one way, and yet means another
 Could I but right a squint; then (Sir) long since
 You had been sung, *A great and glorious Prince*.
 I had observ'd the language of the daies;
 Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the phrase
 With humble service, and such other Fustian,
 Bells which ring backward in this great combat
 I had revil'd you, and without offence, (trion
The Literall, and Equitable Sence
 Would make it good; when al fails, that wil do
 Sure that distinction cleft the divells foot

This

his were my Dialect, would your highnesse
 read me but with Hebrew spectacles; (please
 interpret Counter, what is crosse rehears'd:
 bells are commendations when revers'd.
 As an Optique glasse contracts the sight
 on one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
 If you're enchanted, Sir, you're doubly free
 from the great guns, and squibbing Poet ry:
 Who neither Bilbo, nor invention pierces,
 Proof even 'gainst th' artillery of Verses.
 Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your Mail;
 Not their art, yet let their sex prevail.
 At that known Leaguer, where the bonny Besses
 applied the bowstrings with their twisted tresses,
 Your spels could ne're have fenc'd you: ev'ry arrow
 Had lanc'd your noble brest & drunk the marrow:
 For beauty like white powder makes no noise;
 And yet the silent hypocrite destroys.
 When use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
 Let *Wharton* tell his Gossips of the City,
 That you kill women too; nay maids, and such
 Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
 Impotent *Essex*! is it not a shame
 Your Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish* Dame,
 Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian? may she be
 Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather then sav'd by thee.
 But why, my Muse, like a green-sickness Girl,
 Feed'st thou on coals and dirt, a gelding Earl
 Gives no more relish to thy female palat,
 Then to that ass did once the thistle-fallat.
 Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
 Thou and thy sisters like bright *Amazons*,
 Do give *Rupert* an alarm, *Rupert*! one
 Whose name is wits Superfoetation.

Makes

Makes fancy (like eternities round womb)
 Unite all valour, present, past to come.
 He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
 That voted down plurality of souls,
 He breaths a grand Committee, all that were
 The wonders of their age, constellate here.
 And as the elder sisters growth and sence
 (Souls paramount themselves) in man commen
 But faculty of reasons Queen, no more
 Are they to him, who were compleat before;
 Ingredients of his vertue, thred the beads
 Of *Cæsars* acts, great *Pompeys* and the Sweds:
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
 By which that vast triumvirate is span'd,
 Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
 How long the world shal live, & when't shal ble
 Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath:
 For nature rais'd him of the *Publike Faith*,
Pandora's brother, to make up whose store,
 The Gods were fain to ren upon the score,
 Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
 Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
 Let *Isaac* and his Cir'z flea off the plate
 That tips their Antlers for the Calf of State;
 Let the zeal twanging nose that wants a ridge,
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge,
 Yes, and the gossips spoon augment the sum,
 Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendom;
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
 Which their self wants paie in commuting pel
 Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
 Gains, whē made bankrupt in the scales with yo
 As he whom in his character of light
 Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it far more bright

an Eclipse so glorious, (light is dim
 and a black nothing, when compar'd to him:)
 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* foil,
 and a just trophée to be made his spoil:
 I pin my faith on the *Diurnalls* sleeve
 hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
 The conquests which the Common-council hears
 with their wide list'ning mouth from the great
 that ran away in triumph: such a foe (Peers
 can make them victors in their overthrow.
 Where providence and valour meet in one,
 courage so poiz'd with circumspection,
 that he revives the quarrell once again
 of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain;
 and leaves it a drawn match: whose fervor can
 catch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
 His trumper, like the Angells at the last,
 takes the soul rise by a mirac'lous blast.
 'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man
 As 't was defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
 Whose right hand should a populous Land con-
 the left should be a channell to the main: (tain
 his spirit might inform th' amphibious figure,
 yet straight-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger:
 the terrour of whose name can out of seven
 Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
 Thus some grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus,
 by being slain, are made more numerous.
 No wonder they'l confesse no losse of men;
 for *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gig agen:
 they fear the giblets of his train, they fear
 even his Dog, that four leg'd Cavalier:
 he that devours the scraps, which *Lundsford* makes
 whose picture seeds upon a child in stakes:

Who

Who names but *Charles*, he comes a loſt for him
 But hold up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
 'Gainſt whom they 've ſeverall Articles in ſou
 Firſt that he barks againſt the ſence o'th Hou
Reſolv'd Delinquent, to the tower ſtraight,
 Either to th' Lions, or the Biſhops Grate:
 Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th tail,
 But there the ſiſterhood will be his bail,
 At leaſt the Countreſſe will, *Luſt's Amſterdam*,
 That lets in all religions of the game.
 Thirdly, he ſmells intelligence, that's better,
 And cheaper too, then *Pym's* from his own Let
 Who's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinde
 For making plots, and then for Fox the finder
 Laſtly, he is a divell without doubtr;
 For when he would lie down, he wheels about
 Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
 And therefore ſcore up one for cōjuring (quar
 What canſt thou ſay, thou wretch? O Quar
 I'me but an inſtrument, a meer S. *Arthur*.
 If I muſt hang, O let not our fates vary;
 Whoſe office 'tis a like, to fetch and carry.
 No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous ſtir
 That ſtrung the Jeſuite, will diſpatch a cur.
 Were I a divell, as the Rebelle fears,
 I ſee the Houſe would try me by my Peers.
 There *Fowler*, there! ah *Fowler*! 't'is nought.
 What e're th' accuſers cry, they're at a fault;
 And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
 Then when the glorious *Stafford* ſtood at Bay.
 Thus Labels but annex't to him we ſee,
 Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
 S. *Peters* ſhadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is ſuch,
 'Twould find S. *Peter* work, yet wound as much w

hke gags their Guns, defeats their dire intent,
 The Cannons do but lisp and complement.
 oure *Jove* descended in a leaden showre
 To get this *Persus*: hence the fatall power
 of shot is strangled: bullets thus alli'd,
 fear to commit an act of Patricide.
 Go on brave Prince, and make the world confess,
 thou art the greater world, and that the less.
 scatter th' accumulative King, untruss,
 that five-fold fiend, the States *Smeſſymnum*;
 Who place Religion in their Vellam-ears,
 s in their Phylasters the Jews did theirs.
 nde *England's* a Paradise (and a modest Word)
 nde since guarded by a *Cherubs* flaming Sword.
 Your name can scare an Atheist to his prayers,
 and cure the chin-cough better then the Bears.
 ld *Sybil* charms the tooth-ach with you: *Nurse*
 uan takes you still children, and the pondrous curse
 uart the clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you.
 Now *Rupert* take thee *Rogue*; how dost thou doe?)
 fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
 imbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph upon the Earle of STRAFFORD.

Here lies wise and valiant dust,
 Hudled up 'twixt fit and just:
 rafford who was hurried hence
 much wixt treason and convenience.

H

C

He

He spent his time here in a mist,
 A *Papist*, yet a *Calvinist*.
 His Princes nearest Joy and Grief
 He had; yet wanted all relief.
 The prop and ruine of the State,
 The peoples violent love and hate:
 One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd.
 Riddles lie here, or in a word,
 Here lies blood, and let it lie
 Speechless still, and never cry.

*Epitaphium Thomæ Comitis
 Straffordii, &c.*

Exurge cinis, tuumq; solus, qui potis es scribe Epita-
Nequit Wentworthi non esse facundus vel Cinis.
Effare Marmor: & quam cœpisti comprehendere,
Maße & Expressere.

Candidius meretur urna quàm quod rubris,
Notatum est literis Elogium.

Atlas Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet lassus:
Secunda Orbis Britannici intelligentia
Rex Politia & Protex Hibernia,
Straffordii, & Virtutum Comes:

Mens Jovis, Mercurii ingenium, & lingua Apollinis
Cui Anglia Hiberniam debuit, seipsam Hibernia.
Sydus Aquilonicū; quo sub rubicundâ vespereâ occident
Nox simul & dies visa est: dextrôq; oculo flevit,
Lævôq; letata est Anglia.

Theatrum Honoris, itemq; Scena calamitosa Virtutis
A floribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Qua ternis animosa Regnis non vicit tamen
Sed oppressit.

*Sic inclinavit Heros (non minùs) Caput
 Belluæ seuæ multorum Caputum :
 Merces favoris Scotici, præter pecunias :
 Erubuit ut tetigit securis,
 Similem quippe nunquàm degustavit sanguinem.
 Monstrum narro : fuit tam infensus Legibus,
 Ut priùs legem quàm nata foret violavit :
 Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex,
 Verùm Necessitas, non habet Legem.
 Abi Viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.*

On the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
 He brews his tears that studies to lament.
 Verse chimically weeps, that pious rain
 Distil'd with art, is but the sweat o'th brain.
 Who ever sob'd in numbers ? can a groan
 Be quaver'd out by soft division ?
 'Tis true for common formall Elegies,
 Nor Bushels Wells can match a poets eyes :
 In wanton water-works he'l tune his tears
 From a Geneva Jig up to the sphears.
 But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
 Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,,
 Now that the fate is publick, we may call
 It Britains Vespers, Englands Funerall.
 Who hath a penfill to expresse the Saint ,
 But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint ?
 There is no learning but what tears surround,
 Like to Seths Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.

There is no Church, Religion is grown
 From much of late, that she's increast to none
 Like an Hydropick body full of Rhumes,
 First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
 The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,
 And by a Law dough-bak'r, an Ordinance.
 The *Liturgy*, whose doom was voted next,
 Dy'd as a comment upon him the text.
 There's nothing lives : life is since he is gone
 But a nocturnall lucubration.

Thus you have seen deaths Inventory read
 In the sum totall ---- *Canterbury's* dead,
 A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
 Himself a convert in his bleeding eyes,
 Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ore
 (That which *Agona*-like weeps and devours)
 Tears that flow brackish from their souls with
 Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
 Mean time no squalid grief his lookes defiles,
 He guilds his sadder fate with noble smiles,
 Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams
 Shines in his showres, as if he wept his beam
 How could successe such villanies applaud?
 The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Law*
 The twins of publick rage, adjudg'd to die,
 For treasons they should act, by prophesie.
 The facts were done before the laws were made
 The trump turn'd up after the game was play'd
 Be dull great spirits, and forbear to climb,
 For Worth is sin, and Eminence a crime.

No Church-man can be innocent and high,
 'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry

On J. W. A. B. of York.

Say, my young Sophister, what think'st of this?
Chimera's reall; *Ergo falleris*.
 The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
 And here concorp'rate in one prodigie.
 Call an *Haruspex* quickly; let him get
 Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrell wer,
 To purifie the place, for sure the harms
 This monster wil produce, transcends his charms
 'Tis Natures master-peece of error, this
 Redeemeth what she ever did amisse
 Before, from wonder and reproach, this last
 Legitimatheth all her by-blows past.
 Lo here a generall Merropolitan,
 And Arch-prelatick Presbyterian,
 Behold his pious Garbs, Canonick face,
 Zealous *Episcopo-mastix* Grace; (ther,
 A fair blew-apron'd Priest, a Lawn-sleev'd bro-
 me leg the Pulpit holds, a rub the other.
 Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
 And make th'Apostate once more Christian.
 e, *protem* we cannot call him; he put on
 e. his change of shapes by a succession;
 e mor the *Welsh Wethercock*, for that we find,
 plat once doth onely wait upon the wind:
 e, these speak him not, but if you'l name him right
 all him *Religious Hermaphrodite*.
 igh, his head i'th sanctified mould is cast,
 awet sticks th'abominable Miter fast,
 e still retains the *Lordship* and the Grace,
 and yet has got a reverend Elders place.

Such

Such acts must needs be his, who did devise
 By crying Altars down, to sacrifice,
 To privat malice, where you might have seen
 His conscience holocausted to his spleen.
 Unhappy Church! the Viper that did share
 Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
 And void of all thy dignities and store.
 Alas! thine own son proves the forrest Boar;
 And like the Dam destroying Cockow he,
 When the thick shell of his Welsh Pedigree,
 By thy warm fost'ring bounty did divide
 And open, straight thence sprung forth paricide
 As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatch
 In thee, by thy monster which thy self hadst hatch
 Despair not though, in Wales there may be got,
 As well as *Lincolnsbire* an antidote,
 'Gainst the foul'st venom he can spit, though's head
 Were chang'd from subtil gray to pois'nous red
 Heaven with propitious eys will look upon
 Our party, now the cursed thing is gone;
 And chastice Rebels, who nought else did misse
 To fill the measure of their sins, but his;
 Whose soul imparall'd apostasie,
 Like to his sacred character shall be
 Indelible, when ages then of late
 More happy grown with most impartiall fate,
 A period to his days and time shall give,
 He by such Epitaphs as this shall live,

*Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid,
 Who Gods anointed and his Church betraid.*

Mark Anthony.

WHEN as the *Nightingal* chanted her Vespers,
 And the wild *Forrester* couch't on the ground,
Venus invited me in the evening whispers,
 Unto a fragrant field with *Roses* crown'd :
 Where she before had sent
 My wishes complement,
 Unto my hearts content,
 Plaid with me on the Green,
 Never *Mark Anthony*
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair *Egyptian Queen* :

First on her cherry-cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
 Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire :
 Next on her warm lips, which when I tasted,
 My duller spirits made active as fire.
 Then we began to dart
 Each at anothers heart,
 Arrows that knew no smart :
 Sweet lips and smiles between.
 Never *Mark, &c.*

Wanting a Glasse to plat her amber tresses,
 Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
 Gawdier then *Juno* wears when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately then warm.
 Then did she peep in mine
 Eys humour Christalline ;
 I in her eys was seen,
 As if one had been,
 Never *Mark, &c.*

Mysticall Grammar of amorous glances,
 Feeling of pulses, the Physick of Love,
 Rhetoricall courtings, and Musicall dances ;
 Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.

Eys like Astronomy,
 Streight limb'd Geometry :
 In her hearts ingeny
 Our wits are sharp and keen.
 Never, &c.

The Authors Mock-song to *Mark Anthony*.

When as the *Night-raven* sung *Pluto's* Mattens,
 And *Cerberus* cried three *Amens* at a houl,
 When night wandring witches put on their pat,
 Midnight as dark as their faces are foul : (rins
 Then did the *Furies* doom
 That the *Night-mare* was come ;
 Such a mis-shapen Groom
 Puts down *Su. Pamsfret* clean.
 Never did *Incubus*
 Touch such a filthy *Sus*,
 As this foul *Gypsie Quean*.

First on her *Goosbery-cheeks* I mine eys blasted ;
 Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
 Unto her blewer lips, which when I tasted,
 My spirits were duller then *Dun* in the mire.
 But then her breath took place,
 Which went an *Ushers* pace,
 And made way for her face ;
 You may guesse what I mean.

Never

Never did *Incubus*
Touch such a filthy *Sw*,
As this foul *Gypſie Quean*.

Like ſnakes ingendring were platted her trefſes,
Or like ſlimy ſtreaks of ropy Ale;
Uglier then *Envy* wears when ſhe confeſſes
Her head is periwig'd with Adders tail.

But as ſoon as ſhe ſpake,
I heard a harſh *Mandrake*:
Laugh not at my miſtake,
Her head is *Epicœne*.
Never did, &c.

Mysticall Magick of conjuring wrinkles,
Feeling of Pulſes the *palmeſtry* of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick* twinkles,
With three teeth in her head like to three gags;
Rainbows about her eys,
And her noſe weather-wiſe,
From them th' *Almanack* lies,
Froſt, Pond, and Rivers clean.
Never did, &c.

The Hue and Cry after Sir *John Preſbyter.*

With hair in Characters, and Lugs in text,
With a ſplay mouth, and a noſe circum-
With a ſet Ruff of *Muſket-bore*, that wears (flexe
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandiliers,

Exhausted of their sulphurous contents,
 In pulpit fire-works, which this *Bomball* vents;
 The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath
 Like two mustachoes issuing from his mouth;
 The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story
 In a box knot) cut by the *Director*;
Malams confession hanging at his ear, (Where:
 Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* and
 Each circumstance so in the hearing felt,
 That when his ears are cropt, he'l count them gelt;
 The weeping *Cassock* scar'd into a Jump,
 A sign the *Presbyter's* worn to the stump:
 The *Presbyter*, though char'd against mischance
 With the *Divine* right of *ordination*.

If you meet any that do this, be 'em,

Stop them, they're of the *Tribe* of *Adoniram*.

What zealous frenzy did the *Senat* seize,
 That rare the *Rochet* to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minc't, reforming *Tweed*
 Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;
 Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device
 That's nick-name to the stuff call'd *Laps & Lies*,
 The *Beast* at wrong end branded, you may trace
 The *Devils* footsteps in his cloven face.
 A face of severall parishes and sorts.
 Like to a *Sergeant* shav'd at *Innes* a Court.
 What mean the *Elders* else, those *Kirk Dragons*,
 Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducations*?
 That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun?
 Those new *Exchangee* men of Religion?
 Sure they're the *Antic-heads*, wch plac'd without
 The Church, do gape and disembugue a spout;
 Like them above the *Commons House* have been
 So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then

Then, what Imperious in the Bishop sounds,
 The same the Scotch Executor rebounds.
 This stating Prelacy, the Classick rout,
 That spake it often, e're it spake it out ;
So by an Abbies scheleton of late
I heard an Eccho supereragate
Through imperfection, and the voyce restore,
As if she had the hicp o're and o're.
 Since they our mixt Diocesans combine
 Thus to ride double in their Discipline ;
 That Pauls shall to the Consistory call
 A Dean and Chapter out of Weavers-Hall.
 Each at the Ordinance for to assist
 With the five thumbs of his groat-changing fist.
 Down Dagon-Synod, with thy motley ware
 Whilst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer,
 That Dove-like Embassie, that wings our sense
 To heavens gate in shape of Innocence.
 Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and desie
 These Demicasters of Divinity.
 For where Sir John with Jack-of-all-trades joyns,
 His Finger's thicker then the Prelat's Loyns.

The Antiplatonick:

FOR shame, thou everlasting Wooer,
 Still saying grace, and ne're fall to her!
 Love that's in contemplation plac't,
 Is *Venus* drawn but to the wast.
 Unlesse your flame confesse its gender,
 And your Parley cause surrender,

Yare:

Exhausted of their sulphurous contents,
 In pulpit fire-works, which this *Bomball* vents;
 The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath
 Like two mustachoes issuing from his mouth;
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Love that's in contemplation plac't,

Is Venus drawn but to the wast.

Unlesse your flame confesse its gender,

And your Parley cause surrender,

Y^ere Salamanders of a cold desire,
That live untoucht amid the hottest fire:

What though she be a Dame of stone,
The widow of *Pigmalion* ;
As hard and unrelenting she,
As the new-cruستed *Niobe* ;
Or what doth more of statue carry,
A Nun of the *Platonick Quarry* ?
Love melts the rigor which the rocks have bred
A Flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For shame you pretty female Elves,
Cease for to candy up your selves :
No more, you sectaries of the game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids Dart*,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart,
Loves votaries enthrall each others soul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertue's no more in woman kind
But the green-sicknesse of the mind.
Philosophy, their new delight,
A kind of char-coal appetite.
There is no Sophistry prevails
Where all-convincing love assails ;
But the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull gamesters are to seek at sharp.

The Souldier, that man of iron,
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron ;
That's strung with wire in stead of veins,
In whose embraces you're in chains,

Let a Magnetick girl appear,
 Straight he turns *Cupids* Cuiraseer.
 Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortresse in,
 For all the Brisled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
 The breast-workes of the firmest sex,
 Come let's in affections riot,
 Th'are sickly pleasures keep a Diet.
 Give me a lover bold and free,
 Not Eunuch't with formality;
 Like an Embassador that beds a Queen
 With the nice Caution of a sword between.

F U S C A R A, O R
 The Bee Errant.

Natures confectioner, the Bee,
 Whose suckers are moyst *Alchimie*,
 The still of his refining mould,
 Minting the Garden into gold;
 Having rifled all the fields
 Of what dainties *Flora* yields,
 Ambitious now to take Excise,
 Of a more fragrant Paradise,
 At my *Fuscara's* sleeve arriv'd,
 Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
 The ayrie Free-booter distreins
 First on the Violets of her Veins,
 Whose tincture could it be more pure.
 His ravenous kisse had made it bluer:
 Here did he sit, and Essence quaff,
 Till her coy Pulse had beat him off;

That

That Pulse, which he that feels may know
 Whether the World's long-liv'd or no.
 The next he preys on is her Palm,
 That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm,
 So soft, 'tis ayr but once remov'd,
 Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd,
 Here while his canting drone-pipe scan'd
 The mystick figures of her hand
 He tipples Palmestry, and dines
 On all her fortune telling lines
 He baths in blisse, and finds no odds
 Betwixt that Nectar and the Gods.
 He perches now upon her wrist,
 A proper hawk for such a fist,
 Making that flesh his bill of fare
 Which hungry Caniballs would spare
 Where Lillies in a lovely brown
 Inoculate Carnation.
 Her *Argent* skin with *Or* so stream'd
 As if the milky way were cream'd.
 From hence he to the wood-bine bends
 That quivers at her fingers ends,
 Running division on the tree
 Like a thick branching pedegree.
 So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
 It is a pretty maze of flowers,
 It is the rose that bleeds when he
 Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
 About her finger he doth cling
 I 'th' fashi on of a wedding ring,
 And bids his Comrades of the swarm
 Crawl as a bracelet 'bout her arm.
 Thus when the hovering Publican
 Had suck'd the Toll of all her span,

Tuning

ming his draughts with drowsy hums ,
as Danes carowse with Kettle-drums ,
was decreed that posy glean'd ,
the small familiar should be wean'd
at this the Errants courage quails ,
yet aided by his native sails ,
The bold *Columbus* still designs
to her undiscovered mines :
to th' *Indies* of her arm he flies
draught both with East and Western prize ,
Which when he had in vain assaid ,
arm'd like a dapper Lance-prefaid
With *Spanish* pike, he broacht a pore ,
and so both made and heal'd the sore:
for as in gummy trees ther's found
A salve to issue at the wound.
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balsom too.
But oh ! what wasp was't that could prove
Ravilliack to my *Queen of Love* ?
The King of Bees now's jealous grown
lest her beame should melt his throne :
And finding that his tribute slacks ,
His Burgesles and state of wax
Turn'd to an Hospitall, the combs
Built rank and file like Beads-mens rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and sowre ,
Matcht with my *Danaes* golden showre ,
Live-Hony all, the envious else
strung her, cause sweeter then himself.
Sweetnesse and she being so ally'd,
The Bee committed parricide.

AN
ELEGIE
UPON
D^r. CHADERTON,

The first Master of Emanuel
Colledge in *Cambridge*, being above
an hundred yeares old when he died:

Occasioned by his long deferred F U N E R A L.

Pardon (dear Saint) that we so late,
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-showr of verse,
And tears, we thus bedew thy herse:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know,
Whether thou couldst now die or no:
We lookt still, when thou shouldst arise
And o'pe the casements of thine eys:
Thy feet, which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on;
Thine ears after the hundreth year,
Might now plead custome for to hear:
Upon thy head that reverend snow,
Did dwell some fifty years ago,

And

And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave.
Wert thou e're young ? for truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old,
Ther's none alive I'm sure can say
They knew thee young but alwaies gray :
And dost thou now, ven'able Oak,
Decline at deaths unhappy stroak ?
Tell me (dear soul) why didst thou die,
Leaving us to write an Elegy ?
We're young (alas) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abram* and grave *Lot*,
To write thy Epitaph, and tell
The world thy worth, they kend thee well :
When they were boys they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angell did them teach,
Awake them then and let them come,
And score thy verrues on thy tomb,
That we at those may wonder more,
Then at thy many years before.

Ma-

M A R I E S S P I K E N A R D.

Shall I presume,
Without *Perfume*
My *Christ* to meet
That is all sweet ?

NO, I'll make most pleasant Posies,
Catch the *breath of new blown roses*,
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh in the fairest bowers*,
Whose sweetnesse heaven likes so well,
It *stoops* each morn to take a smell.

Then I'll fetch from the *Phoenix nest*
The richest spices, and the best,
Pretious Oyntments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and Aloes take ;
Yea costly *Spikenard*, in whose smell
The sweetness of all odours dwell.
I'll get a box to keep it in,
Pure, as his *Alabaster skin*,
And then to him I'll nimbly fly
Before one sickly minute dy :
This Box I'll break, and on his head
This pretious oyntment will I spread

S Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair
For sweetnesse with his breath compare:
But sure the odour of his skin
Smells sweeter then the spice I bring.

O. Then with bended knee I'le greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'le wash them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips shall kisse them dry;
Or for a towell he shall have
My hair, such flax as nature gave.

But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy sacred feet take hold,
And curl themselves about, as though
They were loath to let thee go,
O chide them not, nor bid away,
For then for grief they'le strait turn gray.

LET-



LETTERS.

SIR,

THough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison yet I thought it not unfit to tell you that on Friday last, one *Hill* by name in no other condition than my servant entered your ark, and with him of my moneys 133-0-0 this precise sum I was willing you should know supposing your wisdom might own the money, though your honesties could hardly allow the act. Which if so, and that hereafter we shall find it no sin to violate your sanctuary, and upon the Audit find the receipt, we may happily account a Loan and not a losse, it being in hands responsible for greater matters: and now Sir, let me speak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, prefer him, or send him hither, and we shall; if you dare not trust him, let him be trusted: If you dare, I shall wish you more such servants, and for that only reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours.

W. E.

Th

The Answer

Sixtly, beloved is it so, that our brother and fellow labourer in the Gospell is start aside? then this may serve for an use of instruction, not to trust in man, nor in the son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon*? Besides this should teach us to employ our talents, and not to lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavileers it had been just then the Israelite had spoil'd the Egyption: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, that that---! You see sir what use I make of the doctrine you sent me, and indeed since you change stile so farre as to nibble at Wit, you must pardon it to quit scores; I pretend a little to a gift in preaching. Sir I expected to hear from you in the praise of the lost Groat, and the prodigall Son, and in such a *tantum* of language, but I perceive your communication is not alwaies yea, yea, now and then a little Harlotry Rhetorick: you say that your man is entered our Ark, I am sorry you were so ignorant in Scripture as to let him come single: The text had been better satisfied if you had pleased to bear him company, for then the beasts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lin'd it seems a 133-0-8. sure the Hue and Cry had good lungs, it would have been out of breath else before it had reach'd the 8. Thus is the sum, but why you call it precise sum, since it is false away I understand not: but how come you to reckon so punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant: what year of the persecution of

of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the shekells, that's the more sanctified coyn. I take it you are mistaken in the sanctuary you speak of. For that which your man has taken is *Webbeck*, one of our chappels of ease, not the mother Church our Garrison of *Newark*. But the best is, they are both without the reach of your sacrilege. Whereas you account the loss but a lone, we shall grant as a debt, but bearing the same date of payment as that which you borrowed on the publike Faith. I suspect your hand was troubled with the Palley when you wrote of a Judge: your man however shall find me an advocate, so what say you to an occasionall meditation? Reflect but upon your self how you have used our common master, and I doubt not but then you will pardon your man: he hath but transcrib'd and copied out the disloyalty his master and his fraternity had taught him: and to conclude with your own, I wish you more such servants; and more such sums to be deriv'd to their proper channell, from whence 'tis imaginable that was purloyn'd.

I. C.

SIR

Sir,

Ad not indulgent mercy provided for troubled spirits sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of laughter? how easily had the expence of your wit been husht up in an Egg-shell. I dare not trace in hog-ground; 'tis not safe nibbling there; you see that doctrine I make of your use. But yet so far yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at it, though I stare not undertake like a mighty Goliath (whose every motion doth *Cleave-Land* *the terram findere*) to devour indigested lumps of it, as the Cyclops, men at a morsell, and then trail it out as the Jugler doth Inckle by the yard, all in Character, and by couples entring the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'll allow you the gift in preaching. Pity it is the provision of so many savory lessons, wholesome instructions, even so many pious collections might worthily entitle you to the comfortable subsistence of a well gleb'd vicaridge; besides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit to tell how great such a divine knowledge is, as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy Writ, unknown sanctity, and a conscience so tender, I dare not touch: Pity it is such accomplish'd gifts, and prodigious parts, should be misemploy'd in secular affairs, such an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark* as your party hath lately done Garrisons, and converted as many souls as *Chaucers* Friar, with the shoulderbone of the lost sheep. But you stay you expected; I thought

thought you had more then you expected ; but however, you expected penitential language, and humble stile, The groat I will not meddle with 'tis holy coyn, an address full of complaints : So we (like your selves) can speak big of our losses, and yet with more ingenuity confesse them though I for modesty will not ask you who stole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King , but of that----For that precisum, I see you are willing to quarrell at preciseness, it was to tel you revenge would have transformed it upon your very---How you quarrell your good , had you mistaken him for a tax-gatherer, and ask't him of his portage before he arrived at your Chappell of ease. I would not you should have abated him a fourth part for his forwardnesse, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majesties good Garrison of New-ark : I should have liked the security well, and when your works had fail'd to save you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof puts me upon this advice (that not prophanenesse can compact with mud) cast up a trench of security, attempt not, though a Giant, to reach at stars) to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wise on this side heaven.

The Answer.

THE Philosopher that never laughed but once, when he saw an Asse mumbling of chistles, would have broke his spleen at the rejoinder of ours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my letter, lest it should prick your chops. But something must needs be reply'd: Repetitions are usual with the poets at *Grantham*. Look upon your letter as a little Sermon, where I perceive your ambition, how you would prove your self a clean beast, because you know how to chew the cud: For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spirits, and sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were a *Doll Commons* extatic, certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expression had not run so biddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible, to be reconciled to sense. The wit which you say may be trussed up in an Eg-shell, I fear your ovall crown hath scarce capacity to contain: you disclaim being a *Coloss*, content, I have a diminutive thoughts of you as you please. I take you for a *Jack of Ley*, and my pen shall make of you accordingly, three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Gleaveland*-like terratin finders. O what chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer plays the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull sheets for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the Town is you jest in, your wit will be the better; And why cannot you *Gleave the land*? tread but hard, and

D

your

your cloven foot will cleave it's impression ; you talk of Cyclops and Juglers, indeed hard words are the Juglers Dialect, but take heed, the time may come, when unlesse you play *presto* begun, your run-away-King may cause you Juglers-wise to disgorge your fate, and vomit a rope instead of Inkle. But to eccho your compassion, and return you an inventory of your good party ; is it not pity the pure extract of sanctified *Emanuel*, par-boyled there in the Pipkin of Predestination, and since wel read in the sick mans salve and the crumbs of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity. Is it not pity such a pious gogle at the Eye, such a melodious twang at the nose, such a splay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, besides cheverall lungs which still stretch forth so far as a seventeenthly. Is it not pity these gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might justly have qualified you for a Tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Diocess as that of Hideberg, that these ineffable parts that passe all understanding, should thus be sequestred from the primitive use, and of a godly Lance-preface in the Church militant, be converted to a brother in the Blade, such a walking directory, such a zealous *Roger* as this, might have saved more soules than ever *Sampson* slew and with the same Engine, the Jaw-bone of an asse : your pen is coy, and you wave the holy ground, and the holy coyn with a squemish pretericion : I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground for then I hope *Hotham's* barn is not as good a congregation as *Saint Paul's* ; for the holy coyn

you must pardon me if I suspect the chastity of your fingers, I am sure those of your party have been troubled with fellows, witnesse the Church-revenues, and severall sacriledges that cannot be pared off with your nails: But there is another reason why I abstain from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your money, but verily, verily, never springs the partridge. You would have had your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the stile alters, the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must passe for a Publican and sinner. Sir, we cast up no trench of security, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be saved by our works, for all the strength of your faith, whereby you hold your selves able to remove mountains: for your advice not to throw stars at your head, I imbrace it, for what need I, as long as there is goos-shot to be had for money; my wit shall be on what side heaven you please, provided it be alwaies antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant I accept it, only I am sorry, that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might so often subscribe my self.

Sir, your servant

Jo. Cl.

D 2

THE



THE CHARACTER OF A

London Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a puny Chronicle, scarce pen-
ther'd with the wings of *Time*. It is an
History in shippers, the *English Iliads* in a nutshell,
the Apocryphal Parliaments book of *Maccabees*
in single sheets. It would tire a *Welsh Pedigree*, to
reckon how many *aps* 'tis removed from an
nall; for it is of that extract, only of the young
House, like a Shrimp to a Lobster. The original
Inventor in this kind was Dutch, *Gallio Belgicus* the
Protoplast; and the modern *Mercuries* but *Man-
kelders*. The Countess of Zeeland was brought to
bed of an Almanack, as many children as days
the year. It may be the Legislative Lady is of the
lineage; so she spawns the *Diurnals*, and they
~~in~~ *Minster* take them in by the names of *Scen-
icus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontispiece
the old *Beldam-Diurnall*, like the contents
the chapter, sits the House of Commons, judging
the twelve Tribes of Israel. You may call the

the Kingdoms Anatomy before the Weekly Kalender: For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the month, with what weather in the *Common-wealth*. It is taken for the pulse of the *Body Politick*, and the *Emperick Divines* of the *Assembly*, those spiritual Dragoons thump it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*; and those grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of Divinity) trade in no larger Authors. The *Country-Carrier*, when he buyes it for the *Vicar*, miscalls it the *Urinall*: yet properly enough; for it casts the water of the State, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Au-*
bus, as the *Devill* and his *Exorcist*; or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whose Office it is to unravell her *Inchantments*.

It begins ordinarily with an *Ordinance*, which is a law still-born, dropt before quickned by the *Royal-assent*: 'Tis one of the *Parliaments By-laws* (*Acts* only being legitimate) and hath no more Sire then a *Spanish Gennet*, that is begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Milinia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the doe only of the *Mother*, without the concurrence of *Royall Jupiter*. Yet law it is, if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentalls*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his clock went true, whatever the *Sun* said to the contrary.

The next ingredient of a *Diurnall* is plots, horrible plots; which with wonderfull sagacity interrupts dry-foot, while they are yet in their causes, before *Materia prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the *Mother* have troubled the Kingdoms, and (for all Sir *Walter Erle* looks like a *Man-midwife*) not yet delivered of so much

as a cushion. But Actors must have their properties; and, since the Stages were voted down, the only Play-house is at *Westminster*.

Suitable to their plots are their Informers, Skip-pers & Taylors; Spaniels both for the land & wa-ter. Good conscionable intelligence! for how-*ever Pym's* Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honest vermin have not so much for lying as the publick Faith.

Thus a zealous *Botcher* in *Moorfields*, while he was contriving some *Quirpo-cut* of Church-go-vernment, by the help of his out-lying ears, and the *Otaousticon* of the Spirit, discovered such a plot, that *Selden* intends to combat *Antiquity*, and main-tain it was a Taylors Goose that preserved the *Capitoll*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-betrayer'd for dealing with the *Lions*, to settle the *Commission of Array* in the *Tower*. It would do well to cramp the *Articles Dormant*, besides the opportunity of reforming those Beasts of the *Prerogative*, and changing their prophaner names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Ne-bernia* and *Elcazar*.

Suppose a Corn-cutter being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his Office, should fall to paring his brows, mistaking the one end for the other, be-cause he branches at both. This would be a plot, and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this scale of *Votes*.

Resolved upon the Question, That this act of the Corn-cutters was an absolute invasion of the *Cities Charter*, in the representative forehead of *Isaac*.

Resolved, That the evill counsellors about the

Corn-

Corn-cutter are Popishly affected, and enemies to the State.

Resolved, That there be a publick *Thanksgiving* for the great deliverance of *Isaacs brow-antlers*; and a solemn covenant drawn up, to defie the Corn-cutter and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age fight with the Wind-mills of their own heads, quell monsters of their own creation, make plots and then discover them; as who fitter to unkennele the Fox, then the Tarryer, that is a part of him.

In the third place march their *Adventurers*, the Round-heads *Legend*, the Rebels *Romance*; Stories of a larger size then the ears of their *Seet*, able to strangle the beliefe of a *Soli-fidian*.

He present them in their order; and first as a *Whiffler* before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the Stage with the first, travest his ground, made a leg, and *Exit*. The Countrey-people took him for one that by order of the Houses was to dance a *Morrice* through the *West of England*. Well, he is a nimble Gentleman; set him but upon *Banks* his horse in a saddle rampant, and it is a great question which part of the *Centaur* shews better tricks.

There was a vote passing to translate him with all his equipage, into Monumental Ginger-bread, but it was crossed by the female Committee, alledging that the valour of his Image would bite their children by the tongues.

This cubit & an half of *Commander*, by the help of a *Diurnall*, routed his enemies 50 miles off. It is strange you wil say, & yet it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance, as nearer

hand. Sure it was his sword, for which the weapon-salve was invented, that so wounding and healing like loving *Correlates*, might both wound at the same removes.

But the squib is run to the end of the room for the *prodigie of valour*, *Madam Atropos* breeches, *Waller's* Knight errantry; and because every *Mountibank* must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Haslerig*, to set off the story: these two like the *Dragon*, are always worshipped in the same chapter; they hunt in their couples, where one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* & *Sternhold* murder the *Psalms*, with Another to the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the *Saints-bell*.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopkins* took the lease of his body.

First, *Stamford* slew him; then *Waller* out-killed that half a *Bar*, and yet it is thought the full corps would scarce bleed, were both these *Man-slayers* never so neer it.

The same goes of a *Dutch Headsman*, that he would do his office with so much ease & dexterity, that the head after execution should stand still upon the shoulders: pray God Sir *William* be not probationer for the place. For, as if he had the like knack too, most of those whom the *D*urnal hath slain for him, to us poor mortalls seem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man without wounding the body, like lightning that melts the sword, and never findges the scabbard.

Thi

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conqueror*,
his is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnals De-*
light, he that cuckoldes the Generall in his Com-
mission : for, he stalks with *Essex*, and shoots un-
der his belly, because his Oxcellency himself is
not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there
is a Whip and a Bell : translate but the Scene to
the *round-way-down* : There *Hastlerig's* Lobsters were
turned into Crabs, and crawled backwards, there
for *Sir William* ran to his Lady for a use of con-
solation.

But the *Diurnal* is weary of the arm of flesh, and
now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwel*, one that hath
beat up his Drums clean through the Old Te-
stament: you may learn the Genealogy of our Sa-
viour by the names in his Regiment. The Muster-
master uses no other List then the first chapter of
Matthew.

With what face can they object to the King
for bringing in of Forrainers, when themselves
maintain such an Army of *Hebrews*? this *Cromwel*
never so valorous as when he is making Spee-
ches for the Association; which neverthelesse he
doth somewhat ominously, with his neck awry,
holding up his ear as if he expected *Mahometers*
Judgeon to come and prompt him. He should be
a bird of prey too, by his bloody beak : his nose
able to try a young Eagle whether she be law-
fully begotten. But all is not gold that glisters.
That we wonder at in the rest of them, is natu-
rall in him, to kil without bloodshed : for most
of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a
looking-glasse would shew him more Supersti-
tion. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he

hath defaced Gods in his own countenance. If he deal with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old Monument: then down goes dust and ashes: and the stoutest *Cavalier* is no better. O brave *Oliver*, *Times Voyder*, *Sub-fixer* to the *Worms*; in whom *Death*, that formerly devour'd our Ancestors, now chews the cud. He said grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marquesse of Newcastle*; nay, and the *Dimitriall* gave you his bill of *Fare*; but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge-Teem* of *Committee men*, and he doth wonders. But holy men (like the holy Language) must be read backwards. They rife *Colledges* to promote learning, and pull down Churches for edification. But *Sacredge* is intailed upon him. There must be a *Cromwell* for Cathedrals as well as Abbeyes; a secure sinner, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hanged for Church-Robbery, who gives himself the benefit of the Clergy?

But for all *Cromwells Nose* wears the *Dominicall Letter*, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *vigils* to an *Holyday*. This is the man of God, so sanctified a Thunderbolt, that *Burroughs* in a proportionable blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would stile him the *Archangell* giving battell to the *Devill*:

Indeed as the Angels each of them makes a severall species, so every one of his Souldiers is a distinct Church. Had these Beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into pairs. If ever there were a

rope of sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing but they are all *Adamites* in understanding. It is the sign of a coward to wink and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But I wonder whence their Generalls purity proceeds: it is not by traduction: If he was begotten a Saint, it was by Equivocall Generation: for the Devil in the Father's turn'd Monk in the Son: so his godlinesse is of the same parentage with good lawes, both extracted out of bad manners: And would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he that hath put out one of the Kingdoms eyes, by clouding our Mother University; and (if this *Scotch* mist further prevail) will extinguish this other. He hath the like quaraell to both, because both are strung with the same *Optick* nerve, *Knowing Loyalty.* Barbarous Rebel! who will be revenged upon all learning, because his Treason is beyond the mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnall*, as yet, hath not talkt much of his *Victories*; but there is the more behind: For the Knight must alwayes beat the Gyant, that's resolved. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot be smothered, the *Diurnall* hath a help at Maw; it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Danish Fleet*, or brewing it with some successe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more *Puppets* that move by the wyre of a *Diurnall*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of

Mat

Mars his petty-toes; such snivelling cowards, that it is a favour to call them so. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he resembles the Beast, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible slaughter-man at a *Thanksgiving Dinner*: had he been *Canniball*, to have eaten those that he vanquish'd, his *Gut* would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his personal, but (as the *State-Sophies* distinguish) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the *House* he sat in, as chickens are hatch'd at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble crutch to a declining cause; a new branch of the old *Oke* of Reformation.

And now I speak of Reformation, *you* *are* *the* *Fox*, the Tinker the liveliest Embleme of it that may be: for what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wise, in mending one hole they made three.

But I have not ink enough to cure all the Tettors and Ringworms of the State.

I will close up all thus: The victories of the Rebels are like the Magicall combat of *Apuleius*, who, thinking he had slain all three of his Enemies, found them at last but a *Triumvirate* of three bladders. Such, and so empty are the triumphs of a *royal Diurnall*; but so many imposthumated Fancies, so many bladders of their own blowing.

The
her, a
eader



The Character of a
COUNTRY-COMMITTEE-MAN,
 With the Ear-mark of a
SEQUESTATOR.

A Committee-man by his name should be one that is possessed, there is number enough in his name to make an Epithete for Legion; he is *persona in concreto* (to borrow the solecism of a modern Statesman) you may translate it by the red Bull phrase, and speak as properly, enter seven Devils *solum*: It is a well-truss'd title that contains both the number and the Beast. For a Committee-man is a Noun of Multitude, he must be clothed with figures, like Antichrist wrapped in pair-royal of Sixes: Thus the name is as monstrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the same image with accumulative treason: For his office is the Heptarchy, or *Englands Fritters*; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the royalty is greater; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare; he Pope and he ring the changes; here is a plurality of Crowns to one head, joyn them together, and there is harmony in discord, the triple-headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the triple-headed

headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regal Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out-bulks the substance whereof he is a remnant : There is a score of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Crosse there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannical Bead-Roll by which the Kingdom prays backward, and with a kind of *Rebus*, at every Curse drops a Committee-man. Let Charles be wayved, whose conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and makes Nero the question, better a Nero then a committee. There's less execution by a single bullet then by case-shot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-coloured Officer, he must be drawn like *Janus* with Cross and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or faces about to his fleecing the country. Look upon him martially, and he is a Justice of war; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the best Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he shares in the Government, though a Non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Sectary in arms, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a flattering in discourse, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a Pigeon may converse with Vulturs. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governor, and Bandiliers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram resemblance

there

there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a Helmet : Who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand-Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left handed Garrison where their authority perches; but the more preposterous the more infatuation : the right hand fights while the left hand rules the reins : the Truth is, the Souldier, and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancho Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governors Matross to fit his truckle, and to new-string him with sinews of War for his chief use, to raise Assessments in the neighboring Wapentake.

The Country-people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give down her milk unless she see her Calf before her : Hence it is he is the Garrisons dry Nurse, he chews their contribution before he feeds them ; so the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this fated Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternatural, that it is rather a vizard then a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aspect, his *face of Arms* is like his Coat, partly pale, Souldier and Gentleman, much of a cantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglabing face, a squeezing look, like that of *Vespafrannus*, as if he were brooding over a close-stool. Take him thus and he is the Inquisition of the purse; an authentick Gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting Ordinance; not a murdered fortune in all the Country but bleeds at the touch of this Malefactor.

He

He is the spleen of the Body Politick, that swells it self to the Consumption of the whole: At first indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but since he hath got off his Cope, he set up for himself, he lives upon the sins of the people, and that's a good standing dish too, he verifies the Axiom, *Isdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is suitable to his constitution. I have wondered often why the plundered Country-men should repair to him for succour, certainly it is under the same notion as one whose pockets are pickt goes to *Mol Cut Purf* as the predominat in that faculty.

He outdives a Dutch-man, gets a Noble of him that was never worth six pence, for the poorest escape not, but Dutch-like, he will be dreyning even in the driest ground; he aliens a Delinquent's estate with as little remorse as his other Holiness gives away an Hereticks Kingdom, & for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of Infallibility. Hee is the Grand Sallad of arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and High-Commission, for those Courts are not extinct, they survive in him like Dollars changed into single moneys: To speak the truth, he is the universall Tribunal: For since these times all causes fall to his Cognizance, as in a great infection all diseases oft turn to the Plague. It concerns our Masters the Parliament to look about them, if he proceeds at this rate, the Jack may come to swallow the Pike; as the Interest often eats out the principal. As his commands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is very punctual in exacting your hat, & to say right, it is his due

but by the same title, as the upper garment
the vails of the Executioner. There was a time
when such Cattel would have hardly been taken
on suspicion for men in office, unlesse the old
proverb were renewed, That beggars make a free
company, and those their Wardens. You may
what it is to hang together, look upon them
generally, and you cannot but fumble for some
words of charity; But oh they are Tarmagants in
conjunction! like Fiddlers, who are rogues when
they go single; and joynd in consort, gentle-
Musitioners. I care not much if I untwist
Committee-man, and so give him the receipt
his grand Catholicon. Take a State Martyr,
that for his good behaviour hath paid the
price of his ears, & so suffered captivity by the
old-Piracy of Shipmoney; next a Primitive
Beholder, one that hates the King, because he
is a Gentleman transgressing the *Magna Charta* of
King Adam. Add to these a mortified Bank-
rupt, that helps out his false Weights with some
scuples of Conscience, and with his peremptory
words can doom his Prince with a *Mene tekel*.
These with a new blu-stocking'd Justice lately
made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a
right handed Clerk tacked to the Rear of him to
carry the Knapsack of his understanding, toge-
ther with two or three Equivocal Sirs, whose
Religion like their Gentility is the extract of
their Acres, being therefore spirituall, because
they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the
law, whose corruption gives the Hogan to the
sacred Juuto. These are the simples of this pre-
cious Compound, a kind of Dutch horch porch,
Hogan Mogan Committee-man. A

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a setter beight, a Sequestrator; of whom you may say, as of the great Sultans horse, where he treads the grasse grows no more. He is the States Comorant, one that fishes for the Publique, but feeds himself; the misery is, he fishes without the Comorants property, a rope to stranglee the gullet, and to make him disgorge. A Sequestrator He is the Divells Nut-hook, the sign with him is alwaies in the clutches, There is more Monsters retain to him, then to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is strange Physitians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons. I hope some Mountebank will slice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is all the difference, one applauds the Grinder, and the other the Grist. Never till now could I verifie the Poets description, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane visage. Death it self cannot quit scores with him; Like the Demoniack in the Gospel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water shed by Widdows and Orphans, a sufficient Exorcism to dispossesse him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, and the Fiends your bloud; Nor can the brotherhood of Witchfinders, so sagely instituted with all their terror, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my imboist Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would faine see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, and so the sponge weeps out the moisture which he soaked before, Or else he

meets

meets his passing peale in the clamorous mutiny
of a gut founded Garrison: For the Hedge Spar-
row will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mis-
takes his commons and bites off her head. What-
ever 'tis, it is within his desert: For what is ob-
served of some creatures, that at the same time
they trade in productions three stories high,
sackling the first, big with the second, and
clicketing for the third. A Committee-man is
the Counter-point, his mischief's superferation,
is a certaine scale of destruction; for he ruines
the father, beggers the son, and strangles the
hopes of all posterity.

Upon

Upon a Scratch on a Ladies Arme.

How came this *streak* of red here where
 Without such mixture ever took delight
 Why doth thy Arme thus blush? unless it bee
 That all thy Parts give signes of Modestie.
 I doubt some Pin (conceaving not its Blisse
 To touch thy Flesh) hath ta'ne too rude a Kisse
 For what would Scratch, intending to disgrace
 An arme of Beautie, but a brazen Face?
 For which 't was doom'd to bee beheaded, why
 Should Natures, Prides worst Foe so nobly die
 Let mee pronounce the sentence for I'me bent
 (If Judge) to give severer Punishment.
 First make it crooked never to be set,
 In rowe and Order from the Paper Net.
 Exild an entire twelvemonth for to lie
 In nastie Dunghills, where the Beggars Eye
 Is only fixt, who having rak't and look't
 For Rags and Pins shall curse this being crookt
 This year expir'd shall end the Beggars Hate,
 Then wandring Tinkers once more knock it
 To offer as a Present to your Trulls, (straine
 Till carelesse losse this Punishment annuls:
 Next may it bee imprison'd all alone,
 For Cankerworms and Rust to feed upon (Grief
 (Till the Ropes Kinsman) that hangs Fears and
 Therewith shall pin condemned Handkercheifs.
 This don't shall serve to joyn old totterd cleath
 Set upon Lands to Scare the theeving Crows;
 From which releas'd (when other Pins doe play
 Pusht into Pastime) Boys throw this away;

Last F

At, Fild to Pindust, bee't confin'd to lye
 cursed scrowls that beare the Memorie
 wicked Murderers; Thus let it bee
 mented ever, that the world may see,
 when Beautie suffers, Fates themselves Ordaine
 senselesse things an everlasting Paine.

Parting with a Friend on the way

He horses at their suddain turning, thus
 Transcribe my self the torne Hippotenus
 Traytor suffers a more quarter'd Fate
 then doom'd to stride from Lud to Bishops-Gate,
 ther and thither at once: Thus every sphere
 es by a double Motion enterfered
 and when my Native Forme enelines mee East,
 my first Mover I am ravish'd West,
 ce fond Philosopher thy Problems done,
 Rest i'th 'Point of my Reflection.
 Tropick whirles mee to a distant soyl;
 e Bullet flying makes the Gun recoil;
 ath's but a separation, though indorst
 ith spade and Javelin, wee are thus Divorst;
 ier soule hath taken Wings, and now I feele
 Corps returning to its Principle,
 at Death's not all; Reluctance tugs the curse,
 ith black Despaire; Ask but the aged nurse,
 e proves salvation from a Death thats mil'd,
 lat went away just like a Chrisome Child;
 at Love (like Cacus) makes me travell so
 asy Feet still Contradict me as I goe,

In

In prooffe wherof see how this Foundred Rhin
 Hunts Counter, and rebounds into your Clime
 My splayfoot Journey is both right and wrong
 Backward is forward in the *hebrew* tongue, (th
 Then since my soul bends North-wards thus w
 Let thine the Counterpain goe South with mee

On a Gentlewoman that died in the
 Night Snow falling the Next Morning

O Ft shall you see the *heavens* so black You
 Next *shere* it rayn'd 'twould raine a show
 of Inke,
 Clouds weep such sable Tears, when Plagues
 Famine, or bloodie Massacre.
 Makes Sextons rich, Or when some *witch* or Fei
 Traytor, or Murderer, comes to his End,
 When such men die the Clouds weare pitchy We
 And rain a *shower* as black as was there Deeds,
 But see how *Innocence* transforms the skie,
 The *Heavens* do mourn in white when *Virgins*
 And caus the *Guilty* Night stole her away,
 The Clouds did Penance in a sheet all Day.

On Princess Elizabeth born the Night before
 New-Years Day.

A Strologers say *Venus* the same starr,
 Is both our *Hesperus* and *Lucifer*,

the Antitype, this Venus makes it true,
 she shuts the old yeare, and begins the new,
 our Brother with a star at noone was born,
 (tho' like a star, both of the even, and Morne,
 she out ore the star: (*Faire Queen*) in Babes & vie,
 with every year a new Epiphanie.

Humane Inconstancie.

The Worlds a Tennis Court, man is the Ball,
 Toss'd 'gainst the Wall,
 High soaring Thoughts and languishing Despaire,
 The Rackets are,
 Content the Line our strays of one and under
 Like Balls of Thunder,
 And all (who build there Hopes on *Towers of Aire*)
 Take heed since fall they must, there fall be faire,
 Last Night I lookd up to promotions skie
 There did I spie,
 A star whose Greatnesse was with Glory mixt,
 But 'twas not fixt,
 For when the Hejades begun to play
 It shrunk away,
 And taught Astrologers by this to know,
 That Mercors are no Substance but a show.
 From thence to Church I went thinking to pray,
 T'was Holyday,
 But from a farre the High-Priests Ghost did Crie
 Oh Come not nigh,

Our

Our Sanctuary is with Blood defil'd,
 And Truth's exil'd :
 Bethel Bethaven is, Doeg treads down
 The Priestly Myter and Imperiall Crown.

Affrighted with these horrid shews at last,
 Mine eys I cast

Up to great *Charles*'s his Wayn, when soon I find
 That *Boreas* Wind

Had blasted all his Hopes, and made him trie
 Th' uncertaintie

Of humane Glory, which with flattering smiles
 At first embraces, but ith End beguiles.

Tis strange to see, how spiders oft doe spin

A trifling Gin,
 To trap a Gnat ; But Man with anxious Care

Contrives a Snare
 For his own Floor ; And whilst that wretched

Strives to be free,
 In vain he toyles ; For who can shun a fall

When Heaven writes *Mene Tekell* on the wall

Adieu then brainfick Pleasures geoe you gone,

Let me alone,
 Ile drink o'th *Brooke*, and eat o'th *Honycomb*

In Peace at home,
 Not striving to be great, but good, for loe

Th' Event doth show,
 That outward Guilding cannot serve to hide,

Th' Ruines of a rotten inward Side,

To Julia to expedite her promise.

Since 'tis my Doom, Love's under-Shrieve
 Why this reprieve?
 Why doth my She-Advowson fly
 Incumbency?
 Panting Expectance makes us prove
 The Anticks of benighted Love,
 And withered Mares when wedlock joyns,
 They're *Hymens* Monkeys which he ties by th'
 To play (alas!) but at Rebated Foyns. (loyns)
 To sell thy self dost thou intend
 By Candle end?
 And hold the contract thus in doubt,
 Life's Taper out?
 Think but how soon the market failes;
 Your Sex lives faster then the males,
 As if to measure Age's span
 The Sober *Julian* were th' Account of Man,
 Whilst You live by the fleet *Gregorian*.
 Now since you bear a Date so short
 Live double for't.
 How can thy Fortrefs ever stand
 If't be not man'd?
 The Siege so gains upon the Place,
 Thoul't finde the Trenches in thy Face,
 Pity thy self then, if not me,
 And hold not out, lest (like *Ostend*) thou be
 Nothing but Rubbish at Delivery.
 The Candidates of *Peter's* chair
 must plead gray hair,
 And use the Simony of a cough
 To help them off;

But when I wee thus old and spent,
 Il'e wed by Will and Testament.
 No, let us love while crisp'd and curl'd,
 Are but gay furlows for another world.

To morrow what thou tender'st me,
Is Legacy ;
Not one of all those rav'nous houres
But thee devours.
And though thou still recruited be,
Like *Pelops*, with soft Ivory ;
Though thou consume but to renew,
Yet Love, as Lord, doth claim a Heriot due ;
That's the best quick thing I can find of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe
By that soft gripe,
And those regealing christall spears.
I hold thy tears,
Pledges of more distilling sweets,
The Bath that ushers in the sheets,
Else pious *Julia* (Angel-wife)
Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eyes
To cure the spittle-world of maladies.

to the *Hedlers* upon the unfortunate death of H. Compton.

You Hectors ! tame professors of the Sword,
Who in the chair state Duels, whose black
Bewitches courage, and like Devils too (words
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight, & do.
Who on your errand our best Spirits send,

Not

Not to kill Swine or Cows, but man and friend;
 Who are an whole Court-martiall in your drink,
 And dispute Honour, when you cannot think
 Not orderly, but prate out valour, as
 You grow inspir'd by th' oracle of the Glasse;
 Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
 All Law of Kings and God, but what's their own.
 Then y' have the gift of fighting, can discern
 Spirits, who's fit to act, and who to learn,
 Who shal be baffled next, who must be bear,
 Who kil'd, that you may drink, & swear and eat:
 Whilst you applaud those murthers which you
 (teach,
 And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.

Meer boory souls! Who bid us fight a prize
 To feast the laughter of our enemies;
 Who shout, & clap at wounds, count it pure gain,
 Mere providence to hear a *Compton's* slain.
 A name they dearly hate, & justly; should (blood;
 They lov' t' twere worst, their love would taint the
 Blood alwaies true, true as their swords & cause,
 And never vainly lost, till your wild Laws
 Scandal'd their actions in this person, who
 Truly durst more then you dare think to do.

A man made up of graces, every Move
 Had entertainment in it, and drew Love (grave
 From all but him who kill'd him, who seeks a
 And fears a death more shamefull then he gave.

Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink
 Drags thrice about the Town, what do you think?
 (If you be sober) Is it valour? say!
 To overcome, and then to run away.

Fie, fie, your lusts and Duels both are one,
 Both are reper'ted of as soon as done.

*How the COMMENCEMENT
grows new.*

IT is no *Curranto*-news I undertake,
New teacher of the Town, I mean not to make,
No *New-England* voyage my Muse does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send,
But if you'll be pleas'd to hear but this ditty,
I'll tell you some news as true and as witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Symony Doctors abound,
All crowding to throw away forty pound,
They'll now in their wives flammel petticoats va-
Without any need of an argument draper, (per,
Beholding to none he neither beseeches,
This friend for Ven'son, nor rother for speeches.
And so the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Easter book to chaffer,
Nay some take degrees who never had steeple,
Whose means like degrees comes from places of
They come to the fair, & at the first pluck, (people
The Toll-man *Barnaby* strikes 'um good luck.
And so, &c.

The Countrey Parsons they do not come up
On Tuesday night in their old Colledge to sup,
Their bellies and table-books equally full,
The next Lecture dinner their notes for to pull;
How bravely the *Margaret* Professor disputed,
The Homilies urg'd and the school-men confuted.
And so, &c.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
 To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
 With like admiration to eat roasted beef,
 Which invention pos'd his beyond-Trent-beleef;
 Who, should he but hear our Organs once sound,
 Could scarce keep his hoof from Sallengers round.

And so, &c.

The Gentleman comes not to shew us his ^{latin,} (latin,
 To look with some judgment at him that speaks
 To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,
 To answer, O Lord Sir, and talk play-book oaths,
 And at the next hear baiting (full of his sack)
 To tell his Comrades our disciplin's slack.

And so the Commencement grows new.

We have no prevaricators wit,
 Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?
 Besides no serious Oxford man comes,
 To cry down the use of jesting and hums.
 Our ballad, believ'r, is no stranger than true,
 Mum Salter is sober, and Jack Martin too.

And so the Commencement grows new.

Englands Jubile.

WE sing of Athens and another Greece,
 A second Colchos, & the Golden Fleece;
 Hesperides, Mines, Minces, and reformation,
 Statute and Service-book o'th newest fashion;

Heres joy indeed for which we triumph now
 Having the Fleece he had that shore his Sow.
 A Castle in the Air, a glorious thing,
 A Church, a Kingdome without a Priest or King:
 A Sum of Cyphers, an unvalued prize,
 A fine new nothing, the fools Paradise.
 Those Pipes of froth, Guilt sheets in Lives Hides,
 A Blank in folio, and a Blue besides.
 A Title Page, an Index, nought that should be,
 A something was, nought is, a thing that would be.
 Old *Eden* emblem'd by Onyon beds,
 A plot of ground all overgrown with heads;
Troy's Sepulchre, *Babel* in Majesty,
Athenian Shops, see what ye lack and buy;
 New Doctrines piping hot, a new-found broom
 To cleanse the house and sweep away the Room;
 New Texts, new Proofs, new Applications,
 Reasons beyond the Moon, and Illustrations
 As pertinent, as't makes no matter what
 Similes, no Taper lash in the world so flat.
 Our Seas have new Fisher-men, new Ners,
 Old *England* planted with New-*England* Sets.
 No more old Lyturgies, wee'l none of thar,
 But a pure Directory of God knows what:
 New Size and Sessions, a grave Committee
 That nere saw Court or University.
 New Justices of Yeomen of the best,
 Or of the first-head Gentlemen at least;
 All things fire new: To emblazen all in brief
 In a field Gules, Anarchy, Or, in chief:
 Blest be the time that brought this Liberty,
 And eas'd us of the yoak of Loyalty;
 Indulging all Offences gainst the Laws
 In order to advance the holy Cause;

For

For which & all that's good, which none remem'
 Besides *Kymbolton* & the five dear members, (bers,
 We thank the Lords & Commons, next the Peer,
 O'rh Lower-house, and next to these the Ears
 Of *Burton*, *Bastwick*, *Prynn*, and many more,
 To give the Divil his due, we thank the Whore
 Of *Babylon* so cal'd, whose pure fine Smock,
 Lawn-sleeves and Surplis, the Antichristian frock
 Advanc'd the work and furthered our desire,
 Ministring Tinder to that holy fire.

We thank the grand and close Committees, and
 The Common Councel the Oracles of the land;
 We thank Diurnalists, and Pamphlet writers,
 New Mynters, Mongers, Coyners and Inditers,
 'Mongst and 'bove these as bound, hi n we thank
 Whose throat's as sweet, as any *Golgotha*: (aye
 That sweet hot Adder, deep mouth'd *Cerberus*
Belphegus, *Belial's* Heir, *Britanicus*.

We thank Astrologers, *Booker*, *Lilly*,
 The forty shilling Free-holders and the Silly
 Petitioners, who throughout all the land
 Not knowing how to write, set down their brand;
 Nay more then so, we thank both her and him
 Who shouted out and cry'd a *Pym* a *Pym*:
 We thank *Jack Straw* and valiant *Tyler's* band,
 Who as occasion serv'd was still at hand
 Forcing a passage where it was not made,
 Chasing *Astrea* with a naked blade;
 And as the opinion of all the summe,
 We thank we know not who, for what is done:
 In memory of whose great worth we have
 One Holy-day and onely one, *St. Slave*.

THE CHARACTER OF

A DIURNAL-MAKER.

A DIURNAL-MAKER is the Sub-almoner of History, Queen *Mabs* Register; one, whom by the same figure, that a North-Counrrey Pedler is a Merchant-man, you may style an Author: It is the like over-reach of Language, where every thin tinder cloaked Quack, a Doctor; when a Clumsy Cobler usurps the attribute of our English Peers, and is vauped a translator; list him a Wriker and you smother *Geoffrey* in swabberslops, the very name of *Dabbler* over-sets him, he is swallow'd up in the praise like *Sir Samuel Luke* in a great Saddle, nothing to be seen but the giddy Feather in his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the *Epithite*, like the little *Negro* mounted on the Elephant, just such another blot rampant. He has not stuffings sufficient for the reproach of a Scribler, but it hangs about him like an old wives skin, when the flesh hath forsaken her, lank and loose. He defames a good title, as well as most of our modern Noble men, those Wennis of grear nesse, the Body politicks most peccant humours, blistred into Lords. He hath so raw-boned a Being, that how ever you render him, he rubs it out, and makes raggs of the expression.

The

The silly Country man (who seeing an Ape in a scarlet coat, blest his young worship, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his house) did not slander his Complement with worse application, than he that names this shred an Historian. To call him an Historian, is to Knight a Mandrake, it is to view him throw a Perspective, and by that grosse Hyberbole to give the reputation of an Engineer to a maker of Mouse-traps. Such an Historian would hardly passe muster with a Scotch Stationer in a sieve-full of Ballads, and godly Beuks. He would not serve for the breast-plate of a begging Græcian. The most cramped *Compendium* that the age hath seen since all learning was torn into ends, out strips him by the head: I have heard of Puppets, that could prattle in a Play, but never saw of their writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* women, that together with their children they are delivered of a Soorerkin; not unlike to a Rat, which some imagine to be the Off-spring of the Stoves: I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the Fresse, but it seems much after that fashion, else how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate Writer, when those weekly fragments shall pass for History? let the poor-mans box be intituled the Exchequer, and the almes basket a Magazine. Not a worm that gnaws on the dull scalpe of voluminous *Hollinshead*, but at every meal devoured more Chronicle, than his tribe amounts to. A marginal note of *William Prynn*e would serve for a winding-sheet for that mans works, like thick skinned fruits are all rinde, fit for nothing but the Authors fate, to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cook, who served up the Dwarf in a Pye (to continue the frolique) might have lapped up such an Historian as this in the bill of fare. He is the first tincture and rudiment of a Writer, dipped as yet in the preparative blew, like an Almanck-wellwiller. He is the *Cadet* of a Pamphleter, the *Pedee* of a Romancer. He is the *Embrio* of a History, slinked before maturity; How should he record the issues of time, who himself is an Abortive? I will not say but he may passe for an Historian in *Gerbiere's* Academy, he is much of size of those knot-grasse professors; What a pitifull Seminary was there projected, yet suitable enough to the present Universities, those dry Nurses, which the providence of the age hath so fully reformed, that they are turned Reformadoes. But that is no matter, the meaner the better: It is a Maxim observable in these days, that the only way to win the game, is to play petty *Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the quill; for he hath the grudging of *History*, and some yawnings, accordingly. Writing is a disease in him, and holds like a quotidian, so it is his infirmity that makes him an Author; As *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling sickness to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer who filed a Chain so thin and light that a Flea could trail it, (as if he had worked short-hand, and taught his tools to cypher) did but contrive an Embleme for this skip-jack and his slight productions.

Me thinks the *Turk* should licence Diurnals, because he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnals is a wardrobe of frippery, it is a just Idea of the *Limbo* of Infants. I saw one once
that

that could write with his toes, by the same token I could have wished he had worn his copies for socks; it is he without doubt, from whom the Diurnals derive their pedigree, and they have a birth-right accordingly, being shuffled out at the beds feet of History. To what infinite numbers an Historian would multiply, should he crumble into Elves of this profession? *Legioned Pymme*, whose flesh bred such a world of Executors, as being made of the row of a Herring, of nothing else but compacted nits, did not disband his body in more variety. To supply this smallness, they are fain to joyn forces, so they are not singly, but as the custome is, in a croaking Committee; They tug at the Pen, like slaves at the Oare, a whole bank together; they write in the posture that the *Sweeds* give fire in, over one anothers heads. It is said there is more of them go to a suit of Cloaths, than to a *Britannicus*; In this Polygamy the Cloaths breed, and cannot determine whose issue is lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amisse to take a particular how he is accoutered, and soe doe by him, as he is in his *Siquis* for the wall eyed Mare, or the crop fleabitten, give you the marks of the Beast. I begin with his head, which is ever in the Clouts, as if the night-cap should make *affidavit*, that the brain was pregnant. To what purpose doth the *Pia Mater* lie in so dully, in her white formalities! sure she hath hard labour; for the brows have squeezed for it, as you may perceive by his buttered bongrace, that film of a demicafter, it is so thin and unctuous, that the Sun-beams mistake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him;

So it is right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the shine, and flaps in the shade. What ever it be, I wish it were able to call in his ears; there is no proportion betwixt that head and appurtenances? those of all Luggs are no more fit for that small Noddle of the circumcision, than brasse bosses for a *Geneva Bible*. In what a puzzling newtrality is that poor soul that moves betwixt two such ponderous byasses. His collar is wedged with a piece of peeping linnen, by which he means a *bond*, it is the forlorn of his shirt crawling out of his neck; indeed it is time that his shirt were jogging, for it hath served him an apprenticeship, and (as prentices use) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect it is marching to the Paper Mill, and the next week sets up for it self in the shape of a *Pamphlet*. His *Gloves* are the shavings of his hands; for he casts his skin like a cancelled parchment, the Itch represents the broken seals. His Boots are the Legasies of two black Jacks, and till he pawned the silver that the Jacks were tipped with, it was a pretty mode of boot-hose tops. For the rest of his habit, he is a perfect Seaman, a kind of Interpawlin, he being hanged about with his course composition those Pole-dames papers.

But I must draw to an end, for every Character is an Anatomy-Lecture, and it fares with me in this of the *Diurnal-maker*, as with him that reads on a begged Maletactor; my subject smells before I have gone half thorow him: for a parting blow then, the word *Historian* imports a sage and solemn Author, one that curls his brow with a fullen gravity, like a Bull-necked Presbyter, since the

the Army hath got him off his jurisdiction, who Presbyter-like, sweeps his breast with a reverend beard, full of native mosse-troopers. Not such a squirting scribe as this that is troubled with the Rickets, and makes penyworths of History. The Colledge-Treasury, that never had in bank above a *Harry-groat*, shut up there in a melancholy solitude, like one that is kept to keep possession, had as good evidence to shew for his title, as he for an Historian: so if he needs will be an Historian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* acception, but after the rate of blew caps reckoning an Historian *Scot*. Now a *Scotch-mans* tongue runs high *Ful-lames*, there is a cheat in his Ideome; for the sense ebbs from the bold expression, like the *Citizens Gallon*, which the drawer interprets but *half a pinte*. In summe, a *Diurnal-maker* is the antemarke of an Historian, he differs from him as a Drill from a man (or if you had rather have it in the Saints gibberish) as a *Hinter* doth from a *Holderforth*.

A Letter to a Friend dissuading him from his attempt to marry a NUN.

SIR,

THough no mans arms can be open'd wider to receive you on shore, and give you possession of this breast, yet I know not whether with the usual complement, I may welcome you home, as doubting your Country may have mewed that relation in so long an absence, she having expos'd her nobl'st issue, being conviction enough to make you disclaim her. Besides, there is such a new face of things since your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitants, is now
the

the Kingdoms, *To be a stranger at home*, insomuch as were you design'd for a second journey, it might be part of your businessse to travel other Countries in quest of your own. Indeed she is such an Alien in her looks, that most of her Offspring dare not ask her blessing; her countenance is not denizen of her self, you would think her to be some floating Island, that had made a voyage onely to truck for an outlandish visage. Some, who have spell'd her linea nents, say, she copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to instance in our *Hogen* Governours. It is in a broken Kingdome, as in a crack'd Looking-glasse, where instead of one face, that Monarch like, should represent the whole, you may see variety of lesser ones glimmering in its room, and the Aspects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a forreiner she is, and her complexion borrowed; so that as our new Philosophers would have the Earth to move, and the Heavens stand still, the same may be said of the State of ours, and the Royal train that you were part of. It was the Kingdome wandered, not you that left it. You are fix't, and *England* in exile. When a Country reels from its settled posture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having first abandon'd it self. In this case, though it be a fallacy in the sense, it holds good in reason, that the shore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you see, Sir, there is some possibility I might reverse your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the sage experience you have treasur'd up in your observations: for no sooner had you lost your native soil, but by

way.

LETTERS.

I + I

way of reprisal you took in others. The Domi-
 nions you visit you carry along with you, and by
 a victorious industry make them pay tribute to
 your understanding: not like a number of our
 roaring Gallants, who return so empty and with-
 out their errand, as if their travel, like Witches in
 the Air, were nothing but the wastage of a delu-
 ded phantasy, perswading themselves that they
 circle the Globe, when the Card they sayl by, is
 nothing else but a slumbering imposture. But
 methinks we are too grave Sir; what if we unbend
 a while, and presume to tell you that in all your
 Errantry, there is no Adventure so much affects
 me, as that of the *Nun*? where I cannot deter-
 mine, whether your love it self were more exo-
 tick, or the form of accosting it: For although it
 be natural for jealousy to study Fornication, and
 every Cuckold within his own precincts to be an
 Engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Mi-
 stressse fenc'd with a port-cullice, or an amorous
 visit manag'd with the caution, which suspicious
 Kings use in an enterview. This manner of gree-
 ting may not unfitly be termed *Cupids* barriers,
 breathing exercise rather then a combat, where
 the dallying Champions have a rail to part them,
 that they may not fight it out to the uttermost.
 Had your old Romancing spirit possesst you, the
 brandish'd blade would have freed the Lady from
 her enchanted durance; nor had you been lesse
 concerned in the rescue, than the fair Recluse; for
 who that blows short in expectation of his love,
 and in that heat of impatience, should be sever'd
 from his hopes by a few envious bars, would not
 feel himself like another *S. Laurence* broyl'd on
 a Grid.

a Gridiron ? But see how customes vary with the climate ; as there are some Regions who salute one another by putting off their shoos instead of their hats, so it seems where you have been, there is as different a form of imprisonment : the Prisoner is at large and without the grate wishing for admittance, and she, at whose suit his soul is arrested, close clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure at this grate those *Chryson*--lovers called *Platonicks*, had their first training, those queasie gamsters that diet themselves with the very notion of mingling souls, without putting their bodies to farther brokerage than kissing of hands, and twisting of eye-beams. For your part Sir, you are none of those puling stomachs, you have an appetite for a whole Cloister. It is but trifling sports for you to pull down the Out lier unless you leap the pale, and let slip at the herd. I wonder what exorcisme the Abbess used to get quit of the *Incubus* ; for had she not checked your hovering temptations, I am confident by this time you had transformed the Covent, and turn'd the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in sober sadness why a *Nun* ? Sir, how came you out of the active torrent into that solitary creek ! Princes seldome treat of Matches, but in forrein Dominions, your affection takes greater stare as fixing upon another world: had your passion been centred on the beauty of her soul, I had looked upon it as the act of your conversion, such a love might justly have been Christened by the name of Zeal, being settled on a person, on whom to be enamoured is in a sort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not some who suspect your Religion, lest equivocating from the beauty of her per-

son,

son, to that of her profession, you should turn Monastick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your temper, are rather solicitous for the Church in general, for fear lest with *Luther* you should marry a *Nun*, and so with him to make her a Jointure in a new Religion. If this be your plot, consider I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the world is so spent in new inventions, that for want of gain, even rust and rottenness are flourished over with a seeming verdure; Not one of all those beldam heresies, that did penance formerly by the doom of the Ancients but hath cast her skin since these confusions, and giveth her self out for a blooming Virgin. But I think I may spare this piece of counsel: I dare be your compurgator for meddling with Religion. That which fir'd your spirits, was the ambition of the enterprize; nor could you entertain a more aspiring frenzy, but by making love to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? By what Liturgy did you frame your courtship? Laick applications are here scandalous, nor will it avail to say you languish without her compassion: A sensual man is able to vitiate the vestal flame even by his Martyrdome. Other lovers in the jollity of their trope, use to canonize their Mistresses, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them, will you run counter to that consecration, and degrade a Saint by moral addresses? If you have no room in your Kalender for persons upon Earth, yet do not prophane a Probationer of Heaven, as if the readiest way to rectifie Superstition, were with our modern

dern Reformers to bow it into Atheisme. Let me advise you Sir, to retrieve your self back from this carnal sacriledge. Catch not at *Herostatus* his fame, by setting fire on the Temple; and dispute not a shape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in causing a second fall of Angels: Nay, never start Sir, nor look about at the expression; for I perswade my self, that those Divines, who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, should they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in such a person how to distinguish between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble Friend, that what my Phantasie suggested upon this subject, I would mould into number; but I must beg your pardons, it being a request with which to comply were to be your fellow-criminal, and by a conformity of guilt to pervert a votary; for even my Muse is vowed and veild too, she is set apart for the service of my Mistresse; and what is that but even true Religion? The truth is, she is so charily confined to that sole employment, that should I in verse attempt to yield you an accompt, how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurel would bribe her to a Distick, whereas in transitory prose, were I Master of all those Languages, which I make no question but you have gain'd by your travels, I should hold them all too few to give you sufficient assurance that I am,

Sir,

Your Most faithfull.

May

May it please your Highness,

Rulers within the Circle of their Government have a claim to that which is said of the Diety, they have their Center everywhere, and their Circumference nowhere. It is in this confidence that I addresse to your *Highness*, as knowing no place in the Nation is so remote as not to share in the ubiquity of your care; no Prison so close as to shut me up from partaking of your influence. My Lord, it is my misfortune that after Ten years of retirement from being engaged in the difference of the State, having wound my self up in a private recess, and my comportment to the publique, being so inoffensive, that in all this time, neither fears, nor jealousies have scrupled at our Actions: Being about three months since at *Normich*, I was fetched with a Guard before the Commissioners, and sent Prisoner to *Yarmouth*, and if it be not a new offence to make inquiry wherein I offended (for hitherto my faults are kept as close as my person) I am induced to believe, that next to the adherence to the Royal party, the cause of my Confinement is the narrowness of my estate; for none stand Committed whose estates can Bail them; I only am the Prisoner who have no Acres to be my hostage. Now if my poverty be Criminal (with reverence be it spoken, I must implead your Highness whose victorious Armes have reduced me to it) as necessary to my guilt. Let it suffice my Lord, that the Calamity of the War hath made us poor; do not punish us for it; who ever did Penance for being ravished? Is it not enough that we are stript so bare, but it must be
mad

made in order to a severer Lash? must our scars be engraven with new wounds? must we first be made Cripples, then beaten with our own Crutches? Poverty if it be a fault, it is its own punishment; who suffers for it more, pays Use upon use. I beseech your Highnesse put some bounds to our overthrow, and do not pursue the Chase to the other World; Can your thunder be levelled so low as our groveling Conditions? Can that towering Spirit that hath quarried upon Kingdoms make a stoop at us who are the rubbish of those ruines? Methinks I hear your former Archievements interceding with you not to sully your glories with trampling on the prostrate, nor Clog the wheels of your Chariot with so degenerate a triumph. The most renowned *Heroes* have ever with such tenderness Cherished their *Captives*, That their Swords did but cut out work for their courtesie; Those that fell by their prowess sprung up by their favours, as if they had struck them down onely to make them rebound the higher; I hope your *Highnesse* as you are the Rival of their fame, will be no less of their vertues; the noblest Trophy that you can erect to your honour is to raise the afflicted. And since you have subdued all opposition, it now remains that you attach your self, and with acts of Mildnesse vanquish your victory. It is not long since, my Lord, that you knocked off the Shackles from most of our party, and by a grand release did spread your Clemency as large as your territories. Let not now proscriptions interrupt our Jubile, Let not that your lenity be slandered as the Ambush of your further rigour. For the service of his

his Majesty (if it be objected) I am so far from
 excusing it, that I am ready to alledge it in my
 indication : I cannot conceive that my fidelity to
 my Prince should raint me in your opinion, I
 should rather expect it should recommend me to
 your favour ; Had not we been faithful to our
 King, we could not have given our selves to be so
 to your *Highness*, you had then trusted us *gratis*,
 whereas now we have our former Loyalty to
 touch us. You see my Lord, how much I pre-
 sume upon the greatnesse of your Spirit, that dare
 present my Indictment with so frank a Confes-
 sion, especially in this which I may so justly deny,
 that it is almost arrogancy in me to own it ; for
 the truth is, I was not qualifi'd enough to serve
 him, all that I could doe, was to bear a part in his
 sufferings, and give my self up to be Crushed with
 his fall ; thus my charge is double (my obedience
 to my Sovereign, and what is the result of that
 my want of a fortune) now what ever reflections
 have on the former I am a true penitant for the
 latter ; My Lord, you see my crimes, As to my de-
 fence you hear it about you, I shall plead nothing
 in my justification, but your Highnesse which as
 is the constant inmate of a valiant brest, If you
 graciously please to extend it to your Suppliant in
 taking me out of this withering Durance, your
Highness will find that mercy will establish you
 more then power, though all the days of your life
 were as pregnant with victories as your twice
 auspicious third of September,

Your Highness humble and
 submissive Petitioner.

J. C.

CHRONOSTICON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis,
tricefimo die Januarii, secunda hora
Pomeridiana, *An. Dom. MDCXLVIII.*

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLlo SceptroqVe SeCVre.

CHARLES --- ah forbear, forbear! lest Mor-
tals prize

His Name too dearly; and Idolatrize.

His Name! Our Losse! Thrice cursed and forlorn
Be that black Night that usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign! ——— hold!
lest Our-law'd Sense

Bribe and seduce tame Reason to dispense
With those Celestial powers; and distrust
Heav'n can behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign's murder'd!
tremble! and

View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this Land;
Court, City, Countrey, nay three Kingdoms run
To their last stage, and Set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign's murder'd at
His Gate!

Fell fiends! dire Hydra's of stiff-neck'd State!
Strange Body-Politick! whose Members spread,
And, Monster-like, swell bigger than their HEAD.

CHAR

CHARLES of Great Britain ! He ! who was
 the known
 King of three Realms, lies murther'd in his Own.
 He ! He ! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,
 Dy'd here to re-baptize it in His Bloud.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump shall Echo all
 The rest in dreadful thunder. - Such a Fall
 Great Christendome ne're patter'd ; and 'twas
 strange
 Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The blow struck Britain blind, each well-set Limb
 By dislocation was lopt off in H I M.
 And though she yet live's, she live's but to condole
 Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

RELIGION put's on Black, sad LOYALTY
 Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty
 Butcher'd by such Assassins ; nay both
 Gainst GOD, 'gainst LAW, ALLEGIANCE,
 and their OATH.

Farewel sad Isle ! Farewel ! thy fatal Glory
 Sum'd, Cast up, and Cancelld in this Story.

AN

AN ELEGIE

*Upon the Death of King CHARLES
the First.*

WERE not my Faith boy'd up by sacred bloud,
 It might be drown'd in this prodigious
 Which reasons highest ground doth so (floud;
 It leaves my soul no Anch'rage, but my (exceed,
 Where my Faith resting on th'Original, (Creed;
 Supports it self in this the Copies fall;
 So while my Faith floats on that *Bloudy wood*,
 My reason's cast away in this *Red floud*,
 Which neer or'eflows us all: Those showers past
 Made but Land-flouds, which did some vallies
 This stroke hath cut the only neck of land, (wast;
 Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand,
 That covers now our world, which cursed lies
 At once with two of *Egypt's* prodigies;
 O're-cast with darkness, and with bloud o're-run,
 And justly, since our hearts have theirs out-done;
 Th'Inchanter led them to a lesse known ill,
 To act his sin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
 Which crime hath widowed our whole Nation,
 Voided all Forms, left but Privation
 In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry right;
 Brought in Hells State of fire without light.
 No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
 Washing their Loyal heart from bloud so shed;
 To which deserves, each pore should turn an eye,
 To weep out, even a bloudy *Agony*.

Let

Let nought then passe for *Musick*, but sad cries ;
For *beauty* bloudless cheeks, and bloud-shot eyes.
All colours soil but black, all odours have
All scent, but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave* :
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much
The cleaner made by a religious touch
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,
Seems the *Judaical impiety*.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with *Law*, the *Temple* and the *Saints* :
But the truth is, He fear'd and did repine,
To be cast out, and back into the *Swine* :
And the case holds, in that the *Spirit* bends
His malice in this *Act*, against his ends :
For it is like, the sooner hee'l be sent
Out of that body, He would still torment :
Let *Christians* then use otherwise this blood,
Perest the *Act*, yet turn it to their good ;
Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies ;
We easily may the world and death despise :
Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,
Onely of all the troop, meant him no harm.
And so he look't upon the *Axe*, as one
Weapon yet left, to guard him to his *Throne* ;
In His great Name, then may his subjects cry,
Death thou art swallowed up in *Victory* ;
If this our losse a comfort can admit,
Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit
For his enlarged Head, since his distresse
Had greatned this, as it made that the lesse ;
His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing
For him, who was become so great a *King* :
So the same hands enthron'd him in that *Crown* ;
They had exalted from him, nor pull'd down :

And thus Gods truth by them hath rendr'd more,
 Than ere mens falshood promis'd to restore;
 Which, since by death, alone he could attain,
 Was yet exempt from weaknesse, and from pain;
 Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
 Might make his passage quick, ne'r move his heart,
 Which ev'n expiring, was so far from death,
 It seem'd but to command away his breath.
 And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
 Broke, like a flash of lightning, through the cloud
 Of flesh and blood; and from the highest line
 Of humane vertue, pass'd to be divine:
 Nor is't much lesse his vertues to relate,
 Than the high glories of his present state;
 Since both then passe all Acts but of belief,
 Silence may praise the one, the other grief.
 And since, upon the Diamond, no lesse
 Than Diamonds, will serve us to presse.
 I'll onely wish that for his Elegie,
 This our *Josias* had a *Jeremie*.

AN ELEGY

On { *The best of Men,*
The meekest of Martyrs,
 CHARLES the I. &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his light? and da
 Like a thin exhalation melt away?
 Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be
 Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie
 Of this great Monarch? does his Royall Elou
 Whic

Which th'Earth late drunk in so profuse a flood,
Not shoot through her affrightned womb, & make
All her convulsed Arteries to shake
So long, till all those hinges that sustain,
Like Nerves, the frame of nature shrink again
Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,
And Still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
Whose shaggy and dishevel'd Beams may be
The tapers at this black solemnitie?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,
Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigress nurs't;
Fed by some Plague, which in blind mists was
To strew infection on the tainted World. (hurld
What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?
And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,
They'd into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.
Say sons of tumult, since you thought it good,
Still to keep up the trade, and bath in Bloud
Your guilty hands, why did you then not state
Your Slaughters at some cheap and common rate?
Your gluttonous and lavish Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off thousands of some base allay,
Whilst the same Sexton that inter'd their clay,
In the same Urne their names too might intomb,
But when on him you fixt your satall Doom,
You gave a blow on Nature, since even all
The stock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion which you oft have made
A specious glosse your black designs to shade,
Teach you, that we come near'st Heaven when we
Are

Are suppl'd into acts of Clemency?
 And copy out the Deity agen,
 When we distill our mercies upon men?
 But why do I deplore this ruine? He
 Onely shook off his frail Humanity,
 And with such calmnesse fell, he seem'd to be
 Even lesse unmov'd and unconcern'd than we.
 And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to say,
 We onely died, he onely liv'd that Day:
 So that his Tomb is now his Throne become
 T'invest him with the Crown of Martyrdome:
 And death the shade of nature did not shrowd
 His Soul in Mists, but its clear Beams uncloud,
 That who a Star in our Meridian shone
 In Heaven might shine a Constellation.

Upon the Death of CHARLES the First.

Great! Good! and Just! could I but raise
 My griefs, and thy too rigid face,
 I'd weep the world to such a strain,
 As it should Deluge once again, (plea,
 But since thy loud-tongu'd bloud demands sup-
 More from *Briareus* hands, than *Arcus* eyes,
 I'll sing thy Obsequies, with Trumpet sounds,
 And write thy Epitaph with Bloud and Wounds.
 MONTROSE.

Written with the point of his Sword.

FINIS.

1
2
3
4